

**A
P R E L U D E**

By W A Y of

P R O L O G U E.

Come ye young Virgins of Britain's fair Isle,

To my Song, and give Ear for a while ;

I give you a Summons, then follow in haste,

Quickly repair to the TEMPLE of TASTE :

Knowledge & Pleasure, Musement you'll find,

Which, refine, and enrich your Mind.

Never bring hither the Care of his Smart ;

Let Husband the Joy, and the Love of his Heart ;

Let Modesty governs, and Sense bears the Sway,

Let Knowledge to Pleasure lays open the Way :

Let Charms of his Mistress, what Mortal so blind,

Let all add to her Face, all Perfections of Mind.

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Let the Charms of his Mistress, what Mortal so blind,

Let her add to her Face, all Perfections of Mind.

T H E
T E M P L E of T A S T E :
O R, A
D I S H of all S O R T S.

CONSISTING OF
PROLOGUES, EPILOGUES, SONGS,
EPITAPHS, EPIGRAMS, &c.

(Never Printed before)

To which is annex'd a New FARCE, call'd
N E W M A R K E T :

O R, T H E
H U M O U R S of the T U R F.

With a Sketch of One Year's Account of the Life of
the AUTHOR, lately detain'd unjustly in HALIFAX
Jail on a small Suspicion of Debt.

The Tow'r confines the Great,
The Spunging House the Poor,
Thus there are Degrees of State,
Which ev'n the Wretched must endure.

VIRGIL, tho' cherish'd in Court,
Relates but a splenetic Tale,
CERVANTES cou'd Revel and Sport,
Altho' he wrote in a JAIL. TWIN RIVALS.

By GEORGE DOWNING, Comedian.

HALIFAX: Printed by P. DARTY, for the
AUTHOR, 1745.

(Price Two SHILLINGS.)

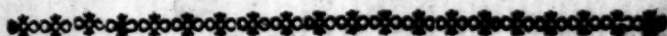
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T H E
T E M P L E O F T A S T E.



O D E to the P R E S E R V E R.



Reat Source of Love and Pow'r immense,
To whom the Choirs of Heav'n belong,
O deign to lift a Mortal's Sense,
Forgive and raise a Mortal's Song;
Beyond Expression high thy Fame,
Mighty and powerful thy Rays,
Honour'd and worship'd is thy Name,
Beyond our hope or pow'r to Praise.

Yet doth thy deep descending Love,
The grateful Heart delight to see,
And with transporting Smiles approve
The Soul that meditates on Thee,

Toft on the Couch of Pain I lay,
 Convulfive Shootings tore my Breaft,
 Oppress'd I drew the gilded Day,
 Nor gloomy Night allow'd me Reft.

If fuch Soul piercing Pangs as thefe,
 Thro' earthly Organs we fustain,
 What Modes of dire unthought Difafe,
 May plunge a naked Soul in Pain.
 All finful to my God I own'd
 The pointed Pain, the ftinging Smart,
 Was gentle to the Crimes that wound
 My confcious Soul, my erring Heart.

Yet for His guiltlefs Sake who dy'd
 For Sin, for Sins he never knew,
 Which pierc'd his Spirit with his Side,
 I beg'd for Eafe and Pardon too.
 My tortur'd Manfions timely eafe,
 His flowing Pity did reftore,
 While thus his fovereign Mercy fays,
 Sinner beware, and Sin no more.

LORD! what am I? Offender vile,
 That thus thy Goodnefs fets me free!

That

That still a Wretch enjoys thy Smile,
 Who owes his Life, his All to Thee.
 If to the tortur'd Patient's Woe,
 My future Care may Comfort bring,
 From Thee of Health the Rivers flow,
 From Thee Success and Knowledge spring.

If to the Lyre I wake my Lay,
 Oh ! blot the Sins my Lyre has known,
 How justly must my Conscience say,
 Thine was the Gift, th' abuse my own,
 More let that Knowledge far abound,
 From whence Thy healing Pow'r may shine,
 And teach my Lyre the heav'nly Sound,
 Of Worth and Virtue, Themes divine.

Each thoughtless worldly Pray'r forgive,
 Which if obtain'd my Soul might rue ;
 Thou know'st what's best I shou'd receive,
 And what is best thy Bounty'll do :
 But chief, O chief ! vouchsafe me Wise,
 Things in their Entity to see,
 Whence right Ambition must despise,
 Fame, Wealth, and all below for Thee.

Hence may that sacred Peace begin,
 Which calmly flowing ne'er can cloy,
 While wretched Slaves to Pelf and Sin,
 Shall wonder at my guiltless Joy.
 Reason, that Light, thy Splendor shed,
 Grant me to use as Reason shou'd,
 By no blaspheming Jargon led,
 To deem Thee less than Just and Good.

Far from the deaf unb'lieving Proud,
 Keep me attent to Nature's Voice,
 Nor hurry'd with the headlong Crowd,
 Who're Right by Chance, or Wrong by Choice.
 Yet let no vain Conceit infer,
 That from my self indeed I know,
 But humbler much than those who err,
 As taught by Truth, that more I owe.

Bless me with Love for all my Kind,
 With Zeal for all the Good I see;
 Inform my Heart, exalt my Mind,
 And Vice my only hatred be.
 Thy Statutes for our Profit made,
 Let me from chearful Choice approve,
 Not barely sav'd thro' Terrors aid,
 But quick to Fear, and quick to Love. 'Till

'Till fully taught this Life is Vain,
 Soon as the last Disease prevails,
 When ev'ry Limb heaves quick with Pain,
 While Thought and wiser Nature fails;
 My Spirit struggling to be free,
 My Body sinking to the Dead,
 Serene, repos'd, thro' CHRIST, I'll be,
 And thank the Pang that cuts my Thread.



To some Near RELATIONS.

IS there a State of Life accurst,
 Of ev'ry wayward State the worst,
 Replete with each tormenting Ill,
 That keenly stabs, but cannot kill;
 A State so abject, so forlorn,
 That Slaves and Prostitutes wou'd scorn;
 Deny'd the smallest earthly Bliss,
 Sequester'd from a Moment's Peace,
 Where Hope (that human Good) is vain,
 And comes but to augment the Pain;
 Where no soft Joys the Soul dilate,
 It is dependance on the Great.
 A strain'd Dependance, only Hell,
 With all its Torments, can excel.

Is there a Wretch can bear the Pain,
 To fawn on those he must disdain ;
 To wait with Expectation swell'd,
 One Hour care's'd, the next repell'd ;
 With promis'd Succours pamper'd high,
 And still the promis'd Succours fly ;
 To wait To-morrow's kind event,
 'Till Life's in some To-morrow spent.
 Three Years, or more, on Fortune's Fools,
 The Rich (to Zeal and Av'rice Tools)
 Deluded by a promis'd Aid,
 With constant, strict Observance paid,
 I danc'd Attendance on their Will,
 Who prove — but mere Relations still :
 Now weary'd with the false Pretence,
 And waken'd in my own Defence,
 From such delusive Hopes I fly,
 And all extremes of Fortune try,
 E'er once again believe the Tongue,
 That has deluded me so long.



O D E to SATURDAY.

Occasion'd by a young LADY's being to Return
that Day from the COUNTRY.

WHile some to Princes dedicate their Days,
Others to warlike Deeds their Time devote,
Others to celebrate a Monarch's Praise,

And some a Woman's Wit, or Charms denote :
My humble Muse content to celebrate

With harmless Note, to tune the vocal Lay
In praise of thee (but not elaborate)

Oh happy, happy, happy Saturday.

The lab'ring Hind beneath the scorching Beams
Of Noon-day Sun ; — or freezing Winter's Cold ;
In Woods, or Fields, or on the purling Streams,

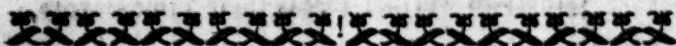
With Joy and Pleasure do thy Form behold :
When thou appear'st each Heart with gladness springs,

The noisy School-boys shout and run to Play
Regardless of their Books.—The Welkin rings
With Joy, to welcome thee, oh ! Saturday.

Then prithee tedious Time retire apace,
Give me my CELIA to my longing Arms,
Give me once more to gaze upon her Face,
Once more ye Gods ! once more to clasp her Charms,

Haste,

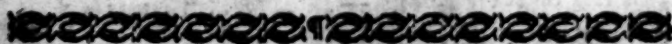
Haste, haste ye Hours, ye Minutes quickly fly,
 And Days and Nights, steal unperceiv'd away,
 'Till I, and CELIA both together cry,
 Oh ! happy, happy, happy Saturday.



To Mr. BRIDGES, on his MICROCOSM.

Whilst various Scenes of fond Delight appear,
 And Sounds harmonious charm the ravish'd
 Ear,

Whilst Fancy wanders o'er what Art displays,
 And leads us thro' mysterious Nature's Maze,
 Wond'ring we view the glorious Work, and find
 Pleasure, Delight, and soft Improvement join'd,
 To please the Eye, and cultivate the Mind.
 Then think what Praise to the Machine is due,
 And turn the Tribute of that Praise to You.



Wrote in the Country, the Day after parting from
 a L A D Y in L O N D O N.

Begone ye Muses, I implore
 No aid my Theme to raise ;
 'Tis Love alone commands my Pen,
 'Tis Love inspires my Lays.

The

The silver Moon but Yester'night,
 In solemn Splendor shone ;
 To Day, alas ! no Joy affords,
 Tho' brighten'd by the Sun.

If thro' the flow'ry Meads I stray
 To taste the Morning Air,
 I sigh, regardless of each Flow'r,
 And wish my LAURA there.

The murm'ring Brook and gurgling Rill,
 No longer give me ease ;
 - The feather'd Songsters sweetest Notes,
 No more have pow'r to please.

Then oh ! ye rural Sports farewell,
 Frolicks of an idle Hour ;
 I leave yon pure, yon chrystal Stream,
 And quit Leander's Bow'r,

A noble Passion, pure, sincere,
 My tender Heart has fir'd ;
 I fly to Pleasures more Divine,
 A Flame by Love inspir'd.

Then smile ye Gods, propitious smile,
 And make my Charmer kind ;

Or give me Fortitude enough,
To calm my tortur'd Mind.

But may my ardent Pray'r be heard,
Oh ! grant me LAURA's Charms,
Bid Hymen light his Nuptial Torch,
And bless me in her Arms.



A S O N G.

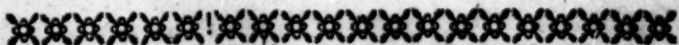
PHYLLIS the Goddess of the Plain,
Admir'd by ev'ry youthful Swain ;
Who us'd to laugh at Cupid's Dart,
And scorn each captivated Heart ;
To Strephon now hath giv'n her own,
And silent doth its Loss bemoan.

Tho' now 'tis past, there was a Time,
When I lov'd her, as she loves him ;
But when I knelt and vow'd my Pain,
With scorn she sent me back again,
And told me each returning Day,
Wou'd help to wear my Chains away.

Since now dear PHYLLIS thou art caught,
Pray use the Precepts you have taught,

Convinced

Convince me that your Chains decay,
 As each new Hour rolls away,
 Then I your Dictates will pursue,
 And die content as well as You.



EPI T A P H, on a L A D Y's favourite B I T C H,
 which dy'd with Pup, in the 16th Year of her Age.

Here lies, beneath these rough and unhewn Stones,
 The dear, the much lamented C L O R's Bones;
 Who sixteen Winters unpolluted past,
 Touch'd the forbidden Fruit and dy'd at last.

Be warn'd ye Maidens then by C L O R's fall,
 Taste Sweets in Season, or not taste at all.



E P I L O G U E.

Wrote by Desire of the GENTELEMEN VOLUNTEERS,
 of L E E D E S.

FIr'd with the Love of Liberty, I here,
 In Honour's noblest, bravest Cause appear,
 A valiant, freeborn, British Volunteer. }
 In ancient Days, when Glory knew no Bound,
 And Britons, boldly trod on Gallic Ground,

When HENRY o'er that Country prov'd his Sway,
 And ev'n to Paris Gates pursu'd his Way ;
 No Prefs, no Force, convey'd the Heroes there,
 But each, in Freedom's Cause, went Volunteer.

Behold of later Date, a Warrior rise,
 Brave as our HENRY, Noble, Just and Wise,
 Now drive combined Foes, make Frenchmen shake,
 And bid Old ENGLAND's Genius rouse and wake,—
 'Tis PRUSSIA's Monarch crown'd with lasting Bays,
 With Glory, Fame, and ever blooming Praise ;
 Hem'd in by Austrians, French and Russian Bears,
 He still holds sway, by dint of Volunteers.

Then BRITONS, scorn t'have Mercenaries hir'd,
 Whilst true-born ENGLISHMEN with Glory fir'd,
 Ev'n in this Town to brighten GEORGE's Fame,
 Unite, to prop the Pride of England's Name.

Ladies, I'm sure you must this Cause approve,
 Those who defend your Rights, deserve your Love ;
 Beauties like You, must soften all their Cares,
 Then scorn each nauseous Fop, dispel your Fears,
 And give your Hearts & Hands to British Volunteers }

To the Honourable Mrs. C—te.

FL Y far ye Muses far away,
 No aid I seek to tune my Lay,
 'Tis Gratitude inspires my Pen,
 And Gratitude's the Soul of Man ;
 Then deign, oh ! C—te, oh deign to hear
 The Tributes of a Heart sincere.

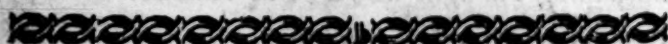
Oh ! cou'd I sum the vast Account,
 Surpassing Thought wou'd be th' Amount
 Of Favours I receiv'd from You,
 And vast the Gratitude Your due ;
 But since I know you will not bear
 Those things repeated, hear my Pray'r.

In Virtue's Cause, good Lord, I rise,
 Thou wilt not slight a Wretches Cries,
 Thou'lt not refuse a Heart sincere,
 Nor scorn a penitential Tear,
 Then grant, oh ! grant my Pray'r may prove
 Worthy of thy Almighty Love.

Great Lord of Heav'n be pleas'd to shed
 Your kindest Influence on her Head,
 Guard her from Sorrows, Cares and Wee,
 And guard her from designing Foes;

On her, and hers, thy Bounties send,
And never let them want a Friend.

On her fair Offspring still pour down
Blessings from thy eternal Throne,
Inspire his Breast, prolong his Days
To sing thine everlasting Praise;
Plant all her Virtues in his Mind,
And let him endless Comforts find.



TO L A U R A.

On seeing a GENTLEMAN make Love to her.

D A M O N once and D E L I A toy'd
Beneath a Hawthorn Shade,
She smil'd, while he her Smiles enjoy'd,
And all his Love display'd.

He urg'd his Suit with ardent Pray'r,
With Eloquence and Art;
The Maid, for all the Vows he swore,
Repaid him with her Heart.

Y O U N G C O L I N, once a joyous Swain,
By D E L I A doubly blest,

Ranges

Ranges around the verdant Plain,
And seeks in vain for Rest.

Flow on ye Streams, he cry'd, flow on,
For only you can prove,
How DELIA vow'd to me alone,
Her Constancy and Love.

Then happy Hours roll'd away
In Scenes of soft Delight,
Eternal Pleasure crown'd the Day,
And sweet Content the Night.

But where are now thy Vows, fair Maid?
The hapless Shepherd cry'd,
Farewel false Nymph, farewel, he said,
And clos'd his Eyes and dy'd.

Then dearest LAURA, lovely Fair,
Ask not why I repine,
You know the Cause, too much I fear,
Left COLIN's Fate be Mine,



P R O L O G U E.

Spoke at the Opening of the N O R W I C H
T H E A T R E, 1759.

SEcure from Waves, high Rocks and threat'ning
Sand,

The joyful Sailor views his wish'd for Land;
With transport eyes the Pleasures of the Shore,
And thinks upon the faithless Winds no more.
So we, by Fortune's fickle Tempest tost,
By Study wearied, and by Travel cross'd,
Here pitch our Tent.—Where, like refreshing Dew,
Your Bounty warms us, and we Ripe by You,
With Gratitude full fraught for Favours past,
And earnest hopes to have those Favours last.

The first great Cause by Nature's self design'd,
Was, to fill up with Gratitude the Mind,
In that soft Word, what diff'rent Meanings roll!
'Tis Virtue, Honour, Honesty of Soul,
As yet scarce known, dark, hidden, and unclear,
For ev'n Religion's self is center'd there.
Can then my humble Breast with fulness fraught,
Express this arduous Transport as it ought?
The Task's too hard! Then give me leave t'impart,
My warmest Pray'rs—the Dictates of my Heart.

May

May each one reap the Harvest of his Toil,
 May Heav'n its choicest Blessings show'r on all,
 May Villains ne'er disturb, nor French invade
 This ancient City, nor molest its Trade;
 Each married Lady keep her kind, good Man,
 The Maidens too get good ones—when they can:
 Whilst we, as bound in Gratitude, will pay
 All that our grateful, gen'rous Hearts can say;
 Your boundless Goodness sure will never slight
 The Players humble Thanks—the Players Mite,
 'Tis all we have, that All, we pay to You,
 A poor Return, where ev'ry Thing is due.



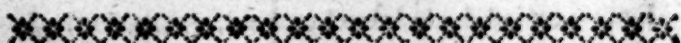
ON A WIDOW.

SEE here in Weeds a Widow sits,
 And Weeps to wash her Griefs away,
 Swears the long Night no Joy admits,
 And endless Sorrow waits the Day.

Sammy, a little prattling Spark,
 Heard her lament his Father dead,
 Cried, cease Mamma, 'tis almost dark,
 Our John may comfort you in Bed.

She

She took the hint, and judg'd it right,
 And proper not to make delay ;
 So now she rests content all Nighr,
 And only weeps and moans by Day.



AN EXTEMPORE ON A FAT MAN.

Occasioned by some LADIES saying the DEVIL
 stood at his Elbow.

The Devil at his Elbow stands !
 By Jove you're saucy Sluts
 To say so, when ye know full well,
 The Devil's in his Guts.



On a young GENTLEMAN'S MARRIAGE.

Marriage they say's a happy Life,
 And dear Variety a Pleasure ;
 If so, Jack, in your new made Wife,
 You're even bless'd beyond all Measure,
 Tho' Neighbours say you are undone !
 Psaith I cannot think so either !
 You've Unity of Three in One,
 Whore, Wife, and Bawd mix'd up together.

P R O L O G U E,

Spoke at DONCASTER, by way of Introduction to a young Gentleman's Performing the Part of GEORGE BARNWELL.

CONscious of what th'unartful ought to fear,
The Critic's Laugh, the loose disdainful Sneer,
Me, as Ambassador, our Hero sends
To beg for Candour from impartial Friends.

If a sad Tale can draw the pitying Sigh?
If suff'ring Virtue melt the tender Eye?
If deep Distress can move the gen'rous Mind?

Or Love ill fated, your Compassion find?
Well may he hope his faint Attempt may take,
More for the Poet's, than the Player's sake.

No fir'd ey'd Garrick treads our humble Stage,
To point out Barnwell's furious starts of Rage;

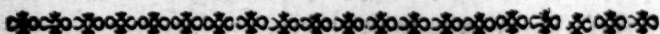
No sweet-tongu'd Barry in melodious Woe,
Shall make our Hero's manly Sorrows flow;

A young Performer unexpert and new,
May tire your Patience—and your Goodness too.

As for our Youth, who'll here to Night engage,
No Player he, nor Pupil of the Stage;

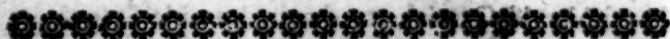
Yet

Yet is he conscious what transcendant Art
 Must strike the Player, e'er it reach the Heart ;
 How Stature, Voice, how Action, Grace and Tread,
 Must win an Audience, when with Judgment led :
 In these defective, how shall he appear ?
 He sinks with Shame, and trembles now with Fear.
 Yet since Amusement's here your only End,
 He hopes the kind Indulgence of a Friend ;
 Not with Ambition flush'd for vain Applause,
 But bows with Duty to the Stage's Laws.



AN E X T E M P O R E.

Hence flatt'ring Falsehood,—Nothing can avail.
 The Mind is willing, but the Flesh is frail.

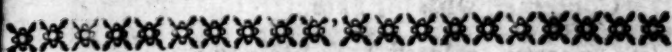


To ——— E V E, Esq;

H O D G E ran t'other Day to his Mother, —
 Here's brazen fac'd Bet got with Child, —
 A filthy Jade, cries the old Woman,
 O'my Conscience she'll run me stark wild.
 And pray do'st thou know who's the Father ?
 (I'll find it all out an I live)

Quoth

Quoth Hodge, why I know twasn't Adam,
But saith Ise not swear it wau't Eve.



On a Pair of TRUE LOVERS: Of LOVE, FOLLY,
and PRIDE.

O H! DAMON, DAMON, DELIA cries,
You're fickle in your Mind;
For you are false, the Youth replies,
Inconstant and unkind.

By Folly thus deceiv'd they part,
They part, nor meet again;
Each bears thro' Pride the cruel Smart,
And hugs the galling Chain.



To L A U R A, wrote under Confinement.

H OW hard the Doom which Wretches feel!
Ah me! the suff'rings of a Jail
How terrible to bear!
To him whose gen'rous Mind aspires,
Whose Bosom glows with soft Desires,
How hard to bend to Care.

But

But he, to Misery inur'd,
 Whose Soul has Poverty endur'd,
 Contented with his Fate ;
 With sweetest, calmest Ease lies down,
 Unheeding Fortune's Smile or Frown,
 Unenvious of the Great.

Why throbs the Breast ? why heaves the Sigh ?
 Oh ! LAURA, say, why streams the Eye,
 Unus'd to melt before ?
 Can Bondage all my Hopes controul ?
 Or Care affect the lovesick Soul,
 And sink my Body low'r ?

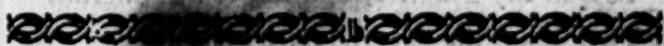
Ah no ! unkind Fates decree
 My Soul shall as my Body be,
 Depress'd with equal Cares,—
 Like transitory Moments fly
 The happy Hours, when you are nigh,
 When absent, lag like Years,



On the Duke of HAMILTON's Marriage
with Miss GUNNING.

WHEN Beauty and Sense in one Woman we find,
Good Humour and Wit in one Man;
We well may suspect that the Gods have combin'd,
To end our terrestrial Plan.

If so, then ? Oh ! Britons, how justly may we
Dread a gen'ral Conclusion of Life;
Since good Humour and Wit we in HAMILTON find
And Beauty and Sense in his Wife.



TO LAURA.

SAY lovely LAURA, why did'st give me Hope ?
Why did'st thou sooth my fond, my am'rous Soul ?
Why did'st thou drive me far beyond my Scope ?
Or let me wish for Joys beyond controul ?

Well may I call thee lovely, cruel Maid,—
Little thou know'st the Force of Cupid's Dart,
Else thou cou'd'st never, never have betray'd
A pure, a constant, and a faithful Heart.

Ungen'rous Beauty, lovely, tho' unkind,
 You cannot think how deep you've pierc'd my Breast,
 You've rooted deep Despair within my Mind,
 And robb'd my Soul of sweet and balmy rest.

If you command, I'll fly this very Night,
 Where ev'ry Thought of worldly Joy shall cease,
 Some dismal Cave shall hide me from thy Sight,
 There will I lay me down, and die in Peace.

But oh! I fear too hard will prove the Task
 To quit thy Beauties, and forget thy Charms,
 Then grant the last, the only Boon I ask,
 And let me die within thy lovely Arms.



On a GENTLEMAN's marrying a Scold.

WELL, DAMON, now they say you're wed,
 I hope your Joys will prove
 Great as your charming DELIA's Fair,
 And boundless as your Love.

One blest, one happy Week you'll find,

(Thus wanton STREPHON sung)

Yet swears it cannot be, unless

Fair DELIA holds her Tongue.

The

BURROUGHNIANS,

A SATIRE,

Suppos'd to be written in the KING'S-BENCH, in
Answer to a Letter from a Friend in the Country.

MY Judgment and my little Skill,
You know, my Friend you have at will,

Therefore at your Request,

I'll try to jingle into Rhime,

How heavily I pass my

By various

I was, you know, ordain'd by Fate,

A Soul beyond my Fortune great,

Which soon my Pow'r outran,

Yet tho' I own 'twas much amiss,

'Tis oft' the Case, you know it is,

Of many a brighter Man.

Three Years ago I stood the Test,

And dismal shock, of an Arrest,

But for two thousand Pound,

A trifling Sum you know Friend Jack,

And yet that Trifle broke my Back,

And ran me quite a-ground.

In

In short I lay three Weeks in Jail,
But finding that wou'd nought avail,

I took the Rules o'th' Bench;

And now have Liberty to roam

About a Mile or so from Home,

To Drink, to Game, or Wench.

For Play and Park, I sigh in vain,

The golden Show, and glitt'ring Train

Of Coaches, Horses, and Belles,

Whose outward show and gay Array,

By far outshine the gilded

And Phœbus self excels.

And dear Vauxhall; whose fairy Round,

Is now to me forbidden Ground,

Like distant Joys appear,

Which fill the poor distracted Brain,

With great Ideas, false and vain,

Too big to hope for here.

And oft', too oft' my Sally's Charms,

Her lovely Neck and snowy Arms,

My Mem'ry brings to view,

But

But oh! it gives no more delight,

Than just to have the Nymph in sight,

And take a last adieu.

Farewel ev'ry thought of Pleasure;

Ev'ry Joy in boundless Measure,

Still, dear Jack, be thine.

May diff'rent Scenes thy wishes crown,

Which I, alas, am forc'd to drown,

In Porter, or bad Wine.

Then as 'tis order'd so by Fate,

I will not fly and leave my Debt

For two good * Friends to share,

Resolv'd to bear, and pine no more,

Since Honour to the lab'ring Ore,

Confines my Body here.

But no good Fellows can I find,

To spirit up the drooping Mind,

All stupid idle Drones,

Chatt'ring without the least pretence

To Wit, or even common Sense,

Mere stupid Stocks and Stones;

* Bondsmen

Several

[Several Stanzas are omitted here, as particular Persons are struck at.]

Tho' Places reckon'd more Polite,
Often my rambling Thoughts invite,
(I'faith I'll fill my Letter)

Th' Expences rise a little high'r,
But nothing further to inspire,
The Company no better.

There's Old—m, Mon—y, Mor—n too,
With Lins—d, Bo—a, and old Drew,
Accounted Men of Spirit;
But faith it all is lost on me,
For no Perfection do I see,
No glimmering of Merit.

With many more which shou'd I name,
Wou'd make my Verses cramp and lame,
Such Heads made up of Leather,
That shou'd the Devil cast his Net,
He never yet got such a Set
Of Blockheads all together.

On Sunday all with ruffled Shirts,
And Coats with superfluous Skirts,
To George's Church repair, Whilst

Whilst H——d Scripture Texts unfolds,
 Each quiet, harmless Man beholds
 His Brother Cuckold there.

But now I'll leave this worthless Crew,
 And tell you how the Fair Ones do,
 What lovely Nymphs we boast,
 Whose Skin the Lilly far outvies,
 Whose Cheek the Roses Hue outdies,
 And who's the reigning Toast.

If first young LYDIA I shou'd place,
 And all her great Perfections trace,
 To make her Charms appear,

In troth I need no Lillies seek,
 Nor Roses to bedeck her Cheek,
 She scorns such outside Glare.

Next shou'd I P——x fetch from School,
 She tops Friend Jack a four foot Rule,
 When she on Tip-toe stands,
 As oft I've seen her for a Kiss,
 Stretch out her Neck to meet the Bliss,
 When touch'd by Jemmy Sands.

On WILL—s next I cast an Eye,
 And hear her breathe a tender Sigh,
 And mourn her Maiden Loss;
 My Dear, I cry, no more bewail,
 But keep within your self the Tale,
 Husbands ne'er miss such Dross.

See ALL—ns next, a perfect Ape,
 Lac'd out of Breath to shew her Shape,
 (Ambition's fav'rite Minion)

Throws round her wanton am'rous Eyes,
 Thinks ev'ry Youth is made her Prize,
 And's happy in Opinion.

But now I think it time t'ave done,
 To sum up all the Class in one,
 And mingle ev'ry Feather,
 Since Eve her first born Infant bore,
 Such knots were never seen before,
 Of Gypsies all together.

Yet thou'd I pass regardless by
 A Soul, whose free enquiring Eye,
 Soon discerns true Merit,

'Twou'd

'Twou'd be such Sacriledge to Heav'n,
As never sure cou'd be forgiv'n

The most religious Spirit:

And what is rare, and hard to find,

'Tis woven in a Female Mind,

Not covetous of Fame,

If need requires, where'er she goes,

Her Purse is ope to Friends or Foes,

And Wit—N, is her Name.

Think not I write all this to thee,

In hopes that thou may'st set me free,

(Oh, no! I do not love it)

It always was my Rule to spurn

A Favour I cou'd ne'er return,

You know my Soul's above it.

For now I've just enough to bear

M'Expenses thro' each tiresome Year,

And some for Idle spend ; —

Each Day I breathe, abates my Fire,

Each Day I breathe, I still grow nigh'r

My painful Journey's End,

Then

Then why shou'd I poor Mortal strive
 To keep this Lump of Clay alive,
 Which Fate must soon destroy;
 When Being now, is not to be,
 And Life in Immortality,
 Is only lasting Joy.



Wrote on a Bench in CHELSEA COLLEGE, on reading
 some defamatory Verses.

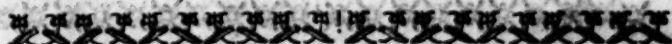
SOME busy meddling Fool or Knave,
 To blur a Lady's Name,
 Has wrote some Verses to deprave
 Her, of her spotless Fame.

But Words can ne'er thy Virtue stain,
 Tho' jingled into Rhime,
 Nor false Aspersions credit gain,
 Because the Numbers chime.

It is not ev'ry Clock goes true,
 That Chaunts and makes a Noise,
 Nor can dull Phrases injure you,
 When bellow'd out by Boys.

On M ——— y's Plays being perform'd at Mr.
GARRICK's Theatre.

The Poets of old to their Genius complain'd,
That their Labours were stol'n and M—y arraign'd:
Then Garrick take heed, or you'll find to your Grief,
The Receiver is always as bad as the Thief.



On the N ——— h Proprietor's having let his
THEATRE to the ITALIANS.

Proprietor Graspall once swore on a Time,
What he built was intended no Int'rest to him,
And to prove what he said, was mere Friendship to
Play'rs,

Most humbly contented himself with twelve Shares—
But thinking that half of the Profits were small,
When compar'd to the Grandeur o'th' New Con-
cert Hall,

Brought Eunuchs and Dancers, to rob em of all.



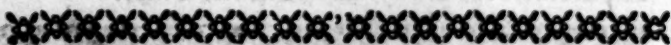
A R E B U S.

The Fire o'er which no Water has Pow'r,
And a Joint which at Feasts, Men love and devour,
Makes the Name of a Village, where Cits oft repair
When retir'd from Bus'ness, to taste the sweet Air.

A N O-

A N O T H E R.

Take three Fourths of a Water made use of for Health,
 And the Half of a Title confer'd oft on Wealth,
 With six Eighths of a Fish that Men know by the Smell
 And a Town in the Fen you may easily tell.



On Mr. ACH—N of DRURY-LANE Theatre.

Whilst ACH—N, dress'd in bright Array,
 Laughs, struts, swears, drinks, and talks away,
 And seems of Wit the Jailor,—
 My Friend and I, his Fortunes scan,—
 He pities much th' unhappy Man,
 I, pity more his Taylor.



To Mr. M———r.

Of M———r thus the Shade of Tragedy,
 Complaining talk'd to pilfer'd Comedy,—
 See how this Upstart-Bastard Son of Fame,
 Has pluck'd thy hoarded Sweets t'enrich his Name;
 Says Comedy, he's only stol'n from Me,
 But his next Step will be—to murder Thee.

A S O N G.

IF Fancy directs us in Matters of Love,
And governs our Passions alone;

Pray why may not I then my Fancy to prove,
Have little Ideas of my own?

You laugh at my Folly, and call it a Joke,
And think I am void of Desire;

But I beg you'd no further my Temper provoke,
For PRISCY I truly admire.

That four score Winters have wither'd her Cheek,
And furrow'd her once lovely Brow,
That Cupids no longer do play round her Neck,
Are Truths which I needs must allow.

But have Patience my Friend, the Matter here lies,
The Case is no better nor worse,
Your DELIA's Charms sparkle bright in her Eyes,
But PRISCY's all shine in her Purse.



D E S P A I R.

NOW Fortune now thou'ft done thy worft,
 Robb'd me of all my Soul holds dear,
 Thou'ft made me more than doubly curft,
 Beyond thy power to repair.
 Then blindly lead more Fools astray,
 Doom Wretches to the lab'ring Oar,
 Go steal the Mifer's Wealth away,
 And snatch the Virgin's rip'ning Flow'r.
 Pull King's from off the facred Throne,
 Let Empires War eternal wage,
 Scorch the gay Bark beneath the Zone,
 And fire the World with constant Rage.
 Ten thouſand other Ills contrive,
 Blaſt the ripe Fruit, and Cowſlip'd Vale,
 Let none his well-built Hope ſurvive,
 But on Mankind thy Curſe entail.
 Thy Power now I do deſpiſe,
 Thy Smiles neglect, thy Frowns deſy,
 For LAURA from my Boſom flies,
 And gives me Liberty to die.



An Attempt to prove which ought to have the Preference POETRY, or PAINTING.

FIRST e'er I touch the tender Theme,
I think it proper to enquire,

With Judgment's nicest prying Eye,
What mighty Force the Works require.

The Pencil o'er the Canvas glides,
And diff'rent Scenes arise to View,
Here ever smiling Spring resides,
And there rough Winter's misty Dew:

Lo! there again how **BLenheim's** Field,
Immortalizes **MALBRO's** Name,
The Hero lives in ev'ry Stroke,
He lives enriching **KNELLER's** Fame.

Thus Kings depriv'd of former State,
To me appear in Royal Line,
As Emblems of eternal Fate,
Mementos of a Pow'r Divine.

Thus far the Painter's Force extends,
He charms and captivates the Eye,
Remove the Object from the Sight,
And lo, the faint Impressions die.

Not so the Poet's nobler Art,
Whose Soul by Judgment is refin'd,
Touches thro' ev'ry Sense the Heart,
And pierces deep the feeling Mind.

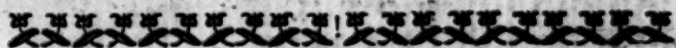
There Pleasures and Improvement join,
Still borne on Fancy's airy Wing,
Whether we skip across the Plain,
Or dance around the Crystal Spring.

If o'er the Mount's aspiring Head,
His flighty Thoughts direct their Race,
We skim the Air with eager Joy,
And follow still with equal Pace.

When lodg'd on high we then look down,
And see the wond'rous Works below,
View the gay Throne in glitt'ring Pomp,
And all its Imperfections know.

The Poet ope's the gen'rous Soul,
And let's us thro' all Nature pry,
We must admire this Artist more
Than He who only charms the Eye.

On Mr. WILD—r, commonly call'd Sir HARRY.
 When WILKS perform'd what FARQUHAR writ,
 Sir HARRY was a Man of Wit,
 But strange Reverse,—despising Rule,
 Sir HARRY'S now turn'd errant Fool.



A PASTORAL DUE T.

FLORA.

HOW fair is the Rose, what a beautiful Flow'r !
 But its Leaves are beginning to fade in an Hour,
 So DAMON thy Fondness will wither away,
 Will cool in an Hour, and be lost in a Day.

DAMON.

'Tis Folly to trifle since Life flies so fast,
 Then hasten my FLORA, to Church let us haste ;
 Together new Transports, new Pleasures we'll prove,
 And pass all our Lives in perpetual Love.

FLORA.

O'er the Meadows we've rambl'd to see how the Lambs
 Ran sporting about by the Side of their Dams ;
 We oft have observ'd too how harmless the Doves,
 How soft their Endearments, how constant their Loves.

D A M O N.

Oh, FLORA I'll innocent be as the Lamb,
 As tender and careful as is the fond Dam ;
 As the Dove I'll be gentle, and loving and kind,
 So faithful in Heart, and so constant in Mind.

B O T H.

Oh, FLORA I'll innocent, &c.



On a Person's saying,—He wish'd he had a Friend.

OH, may thy early Years, and unprun'd Mind
 Obtain its Wish,—a faithful Friend to find,
 To check the Sallies of thy wayward Youth,
 And thro' Life's Maze, to point the Paths of Truth ;
 But first the Dictates of my Muse enroll
 Within thy Breast, and stamp upon thy Soul.

That faithful, wish'd for, honest Friend, once found,
 Prize as the rarest Gem from Asia's Ground ;
 With no false Jealousy, nor artful Lye,
 Disturb his Peace of Mind, or Temper try ;
 But rather strive to sooth from anxious Care
 His Mind, when ruffled, and his Suff'rings share :—

True

True Friends shou'd ever mutually partake
Of Pain and Pleasure, or their Bands must break.

Be just, be constant, and the gen'rous Flame
Of manly Friendship shall adorn thy Name.



TO THE LIBERTINES.

YE Libertines, who void of Sense,
Those sacred Fires revile,
Which fill my Breast with Joys immense,
When POLLY deigns to smile.

Who boast of Conquests never made,
Of Raptures never felt;
Who slander Beauties ne'er betray'd,
And Hearts ye ne'er cou'd melt.

No more displeas'd at Hymen's Laws,
Illicit Joys pursue,
But strive to gain in Honour's Cause,
The Nymph that's just and true.

The Harlot's wanton Smiles despise,
Connubial Pleasures prove;
And blest with Beauty, learn to prize
The Worth of virtuous Love.

On

ON SOLITUDE.

O H ease of Virtue! — But of Vice the Bane, —
 Thou greatest Comfort! — or severest Pain, —
 From Thee, what Happiness the good Man feels,
 When to his Conscience fearless he appeals, —
 That true Informer tells him he is Just,
 Secure he walks, and treads thy shady Dust.
 But, oh! what Terrors must the Villian know,
 What bitter Pangs, what Mis'ries undergo,
 Whose Bosom tells him he has gone astray!
 Stung with Remorse, he shuns the Eye of Day,
 Dreads all Reflection, loaths thy blest Abode,
 And living, dies, beneath his sinful Load.



AN EPI T A P H.

Once I stood where thou dost now,
 And view'd the Dead, as thou dost Me;
 Ere long Thoult lie, as low as I,
 And others stand and look on Thee.

The

THE APPARITION.

A T A L E.

THE Morn appear'd with streaks of Light,
 And chas'd away the gloomy Night,
 When from my Bed in haste I rose,
 And bad my Man no Time to lose,
 But saddle Sorrel, and attend. —
 (Resolv'd to Ride and see my Friend.)

'Twas in December's Iron round,
 When nipping Frosts congeal'd the Ground,
 That forth I sallied from my Gate,
 When Clocks struck on the Hour was Eight.

Full forty Miles, or more, I rode,
 Before I reach'd my Friend's Abode,
 Who straight receiv'd me with a Smile,
 And after sitting down a while,
 Says He, most luckily you come
 To share the Mirth within my Dome,
 To-morrow, Friend, if nought miscarry,
 My only Daughter is to marry.—
 'This said, he took me by the Hand,
 And introduc'd me to a Band
 Of jolly Lads and Lasses met

To

To merry make at next Day's Treat.
 We briskly push'd about the Glafs,
 As swift the envious Hours did pass.
 At Ten the Guests retir'd, that they
 Betimes might hail th'ensuing Day ;
 To Bed, then, each one, joyful hearted,
 Except my Friend, and I, departed.—

Who, when he saw the Coast was clear,
 (Somewhat concern'd, and fill'd with Fear)
 Dear George, says he, one thing I'll tell thee,
 Which most unluck'ly has befel me,
 My Beds are now all full, save one,
 And that is haunted by a Nan.

I laugh'd, and instantly reply'd,
 The Truth of this shall soon be try'd,
 If in that Chamber, you this Night
 Will let me lodge, I'll lay the Spright.

Agreed says he,—but have a Care,
 For on my Honour 'twill appear.

I took my leave, and went to Bed,
 There, soundly slept sans fear or dread ;
 But waking in the dead of Night,
 Appear'd a Form dress'd up in White ;

Forth from my Bed I leap'd to view,
 What it intended next do;
 When, strange to tell! with solemn Pace
 It mov'd,—and straight supply'd my Place,
 And on the Bed extended laid,
 While I amaz'd, at distance staid.

At length, my Reason rul'd my Fear,
 Tho' still in doubt, I yet drew near,
 And off its Finger slipt a Ring,
 (A Token 'twas a mortal Thing ;)
 The Deed scarce done, the Phantome rose,
 And left me to my Night's Repose.

The Day returns, and glads each Sight,
 Th' impatient Bridegroom longs for Night. —
 Now all for solemn Rites prepare,
 To join the Youth and blooming Fair;
 When sad Mischance disturbs their Joy,
 And all their promis'd Bliss destroy.
 None guess a Cause to cross their Will,
 When, lo, the Bride is taken ill.

(What sad Events from Dreams may spring!
 No Bridal Fit, but loss of Ring.)

They

They divers Volatiles apply,
 And all to raise her Spirits try;
 The Fair One still reclines her Head,
 And all about her thought her dead.

Concern'd to see the Maid repine,
 I earnest beg'd a Stoop of Wine,—
 With Joy to ev'ry one I fill,
 But last to her, who drooping still—
 Within the Glass convey by stealth
 The Jewel lost—then toast her Health.—
 Reviving she the Wine receives,
 And in her Mouth the Ring retrieves.

The Midnight Theft was thus restor'd,
 The Nymph no more her Loss deplor'd,
 And with my Friend, I kept my Word.

The happy Bridegroom weds the Maid,
 The Charm is broke, the Nun is laid.

A RECIPE by an eminent Physician, for a COUGH,
 OF CONSUMPTION.

Two Ounces of Conserve of Roses, one Ounce of
 Lucrative Balsam, ten Drops of Balsam of Peru,
 five Drops of Balsam of Sulphur.

A Tea Spoonful to be taken four times a Day.

☞ This cur'd me of an Inflammation on my Lungs
 at LEEDS, in the Year 1757. G. D.

A PROLOGUE,

I N

PRAISE of ELOQUENCE.

WHEN Rome of old in all its Splendor shone.
And Sense conspicuous beam'd from Free-
dom's Throne,

Her polish'd Sons were taught to speak with Ease—
Reason convinces, Eloquence must please ;
Reason may dictate in imperious Tone,—
Persuasion, waits on Eloquence alone.

To TULLY's Tongue unbounded Pow'r was giv'n,
He struck the Soul, he borrow'd Fire from Heav'n,
He cou'd each Breast with warmest Passions seize,
Or calm those Passions to unruffl'd Ease.

Whence is it BRITONS, in these modern Days,
That no young Patriot, fir'd with thirst of Praise,
With TULLY's self contends the glorious Prize,
And reads his Influence in a People's Eyes ?
Our State is free, each Science is our own,
We fail of Rome in Eloquence alone.

The Mantuan's Song, cannot that Bard's excel,
 Who drew to Battle all the Troops of Hell,
 And all the Wit Antiquity cou'd boast,
 Is sunk in DRYDEN, and in SHAKESPEAR lost ;
 Philosophy set free, to BRITAIN flew,
 For Nature stood disclos'd to NEWTON'S view.

Let BRITONS then to Eloquence lay claim,
 Tho' hard the Task, yet generous the Aim,
 Each speak with Freedom, each with Candour hear,
 And dread no Censure, where there is no Fear ;
 Unmov'd, tho' Critics snarl—tho' Witlings rail,
 Studious to please, but not asham'd to fail.

To You, fair Judges in the Cause of Wit,
 Our present well-meant Purpose, we submit.—
 To court your Smiles, no Artifice we try,
 Nor at th'Expence of Reason feast your Eye ;
 Soft as ye are, with blooming Beauty blest,
 When Reason rears its Empire in your Breast,
 When to fair Science, Knowledge leads the way,
 And o'er the Soul beams intellectual Day,
 For Freedom then may Lovers sigh in vain,
 Beauty may strike, but Sense confirms the Chain.

Deign

Deign then ye Fair our Purpose to approve,
 'Tis Reason's, Nature's—'tis—the Cause of Love :—
 Yes, blooming Beauties, take it to your Care,
 And then, let Critics censure if they dare.



To Miss P O L L Y.

DE A R P O L L Y don't think I intended a Fault,
 When with B E T I descended to Parsons's Vault,
 Or imagine I meant your fond Heart to provoke,
 When I only propos'd it by way of a Joke.
 As I dreamt of no Mischief, excuse the Mistake,
 If not for your own, at least do't for his sake
 Who meant nothing more, than a Proverb to prove,
 That the Quarr'ling of Lovers, was th'height'ning
 of Love.

But since it torments you with trouble and Pain,
 I swear by my Soul, ne'er to do so again ;
 Then here end all Jealousy, Quarrel, and Strife,
 And I'll do as you'd have me the rest of my Life.

On the N———H Comedians receiving but a small
Sum out of £ 763 : 2 : 6, taken at the Theatre.

Says Jack to a Play'r, he met t'other Day,
How turns out this Season?—what'st took?—hey!
Says he, almost eight hundred Pounds we've ta'en,—
Where is it Jo?— Why ta'en from us again.



The following EPILOGUES, tho' anonymous, are
inserted by Desire of several particular Friends,
and I flatter my self will not be disagreeable to
any of my Readers, as they have met with un-
common Applause in the Speaking, and are truly
Humorous.

An EPILOGUE, in Character of the
APPRENTICE.

FAITH well enough,—a Smart just now behind,
Told us our Audience were of the patient Kind,
Patient! cries one, and cocking fierce his Hat,—
'Death, Blood, and Zoons, Sir, what d'ye mean by
that?

Dare you the Merit of our Play deny?

No, says the other, No, dear Sir, not I,—

Yet by each other tho' y'are all admir'd,

That is no Proof, but th' Audience may be tir'd :

Fearing

Fearing his Observation might be true,
 I'm come to ask that Question now of You.
 What are ye weary, Sirs?—Egad 'tis so,
 Silence is signal of Consent I know;
 Then Gentlemen, do, stop this growing Evil,
 For by my Soul this Playing is the Devil,
 It spoils Society,—and 'tis not fair
 To lose a good Companion for a Play'r,

The other Day, one wou'd not let me pass,
 But prithee George, pshaw! pox, come take a Glass.
 Agreed—I'll pledge you—scarce he'd ta'en a Sup,
 But as Macbeth, when Banquo's Ghost comes up,
 Like a stuck Pig he stares, and trembling stands,
 Down drops the Glass and Bottle from his Hands;
 The 'frighted Waiter saw his Tackle broke,
 As thus his Attitude, and thus he spoke,
 "Thou can'st not say I did it, Bloody Banquo—
 Ye--ye--yes, says the Drawer, by my Soul I can tho'.

The Lawyer's Clerk, his Master's Will to cross,
 Who spouts Lothario,—while he shou'd Engross,
 All on a sudden from his Writing stops—
 "My fierce ambitious Soul declining droops—

His simple-Master by, cries, wha--wha--what's the
Matter?

Tom's in a Fit—here, Betty! bring some Water.

Nor is this Art to House or Home confin'd,

We storm i'th' Streets, and bellow to the Wind;

Stentor roar'd out one Day down Drury Lane,

“ I'll call thee Hamlet, Father, Royal Dane—

A Porter blest with Impudence and Ease,

Cries, you be d—n'd, Sir, call me what you please.

Cautious to chuse your Man, ye blooming Fair,

Above the rest,—Us Sons of Noise beware.

'Tis not long since, a Jemmy of our Art,

Anxious to teach his Girl A WOMAN'S PART,

At length prevail'd,—the kind consenting Maid,

When Betty, and Papa, were gone to Bed,

Softly her Lover to her Room convey'd;

But He, so full of Tradge, Sirs, cou'd not bear

To breathe soft loving Whispers in her Ear,

But 'stead of dying raptur'd in her Arms,

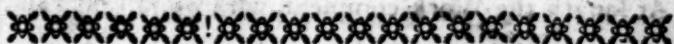
Rayes a long bombast Speech about her Charms;

Till roaring loud and stamping on the Floor,

Comes Dad in's Nightgown to the Chamber Door,

Detects the Girl, and spoils the whole Amour.

These, and an Hundred more, which I cou'd tell,
 Mad Pranks at times, poor Players have beset :
 Perhaps you'll say, what Cure for Ills like these ?
 What must you do to buy the Public Peace ?
 Think not your Laughter e'er will stop our Tongues,
 For while you find Us EARS, we'll find you LUNGS.



A DREAMING EPILOGUE.

HA! ha! ha! Why what a stupid Rogue !
 A Dream, good People, for an Epilogue !
 A sneaking Poet, —who stands there behind,
 O'ercharg'd with Wit, had such a Scheme design'd.
 Pshaw, Pox, says I, the Thing can never do,
 Pray who writes Dreaming Epilogues, but You ?

The Bard half angry to be touch'd so near,
 Snuff'd his Rappee, and answer'd with a Sneer,—
 Sir, my Design you're quite a Stranger to,
 Nought in the World can be more apropos ;
 For as your Audience will sleep out the Play,
 And wake at th'End, you know, to go away,
 Oh, Sir, they must, they must approve the Scheme,
 Folks just awake, are fond to hear a Dream.

The

The Bard had Reason now perhaps you'll say,
 But I had Reasons too—another way—
 We Poets, Sirs, for you must know I write,
 Whate'er we want in Wit, make up in Spite;
 I therefore disapprov'd—ay, ev'ry Letter,
 And down I sat in haste, to Pen a better;
 At length the Work compleat, with wond'rous Pain,
 Lo, Pallas like, it issu'd from my Brain;
 Thrice I perus'd, thrice prais'd each flowing Line
 That Thought was nervous and that Stroke divine,
 That Turn surprizing, and that Sentence—mine. }
 This, this, I cry'd—still wond'ring at my Wit,
 This shall strike dumb the Censure of the Pit,
 This shall—in short, this shall do ten Times more
 Than ever Epilogue has done before.

Then gentle Audience lend attentive Ear,
 For mind, I've got it in my Pocket here;
 So bad of Memory, that tho' I made it,
 I must intreat you'll give me leave to read it.

• “ The Winter's cold that nips the Poet's Wit,
 “ The Beggar's Budget”— • Zoons this is not it.

• Pull out a Paper and read. • Throw it away.

I havn't

I havn't lost it sure ?—Why, what a Blockhead !
 As I'm alive, the Bird has flown my Pocket.
 What a Misfortune this is now !—Od rot it,
 Some Filcher as I came along has got it ;
 What, I suppose, he took it for a Note,
 But 'faith he's flung, it was not worth a Groat ;
 A silly Puppy, he too not to know it,
 He shou'd have nail'd a Banker, nor a Poet,
 No Spendthrifts Pockets are of Money thinner
 Than his, whose Doggrel is a Dish for Dinner.

Well, but good People, what shall we say about it ?
 Since it is gone, you e'en must go without it.
 True 'tis a thousand Pities, as I live,
 But what we have not, Sirs, we cannot give ;
 Ne'er mind the Loss — tho' 'faith 'twas charming
 Rhime,

We may howe'er make't up some other Time :
 Perhaps, e'er long, within these very Doors,
 Till when, good Gents your Servant—Ladies yours.



THE CATCALL,

A MOCK TRAGEDY Epilogue on the MUSES.

'T IS strange this little trifling Bauble here,
 Shou'd raise such havock in the Poet's Ear,
 Shou'd like a Peal of Thunder strike him dead,
 And send his Children supperless to Bed !
 Then oh, ye Sages, learn by this small Thing.
 What great Effects, from little Causes spring
 Know hence what Baubles o'er these Realms prevail,
 And by your Worship's leave, here hangs a Tale.

APOLLO and the Muses t'other Day,
 Were at a Fiddling Match, prepar'd to play,
 When by a Whirlwind, or by Stress of Weather,
 One of these Whim-whams was convey'd up thither ;
 All the whole Band around it peeping came,
 But none cou'd tell its Use, or know its Name ;
 Some said, it was a Pipe for a Decoy,
 And some, that 'twas a little Master's Toy :
 But sneering Momus being there by chance,
 Who'd made the Tour of England and of France,
 Told 'em, 'twas what the Bucks of this wise Age
 Had form'd to fright the Muses from the Stage.

At

At this ERATO in a Passion flew,
 Fright us, said she, fright those they never knew !
 Why, what for Years they've written and have said,
 Has been without our Influence, or Aid !
 And this, the Poet too, methinks excuses,
 For how can Mortals write, without the Muses ?

'Tis mighty strange, says Ma'am TERPSICHOE,
 That People at such distance can't agree.

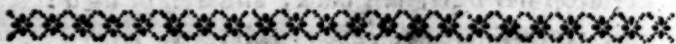
As poor MELPOMENE stood Washing by,
 The Tragic Tale drew Tears from either Eye ;
 She wept, she storm'd, like one that's raving Mad,
 And tore in twain the only Shift she had.
 URANIA sick to see the other weep,
 Tipt off her Noggin, and fell fast asleep ;
 And CLIO sinoaking by the Fire side,
 Let drop her Pipe, fell back, and almost dy'd :
 The other Four were so concern'd—'tis said,
 They took a Dram a piece, and went to Bed.

On this APOLLO rose with angry Look,
 And thus he spoke, while all the Temple shook,
 Go let your Rich's, and your Garrick's know,
 That I'll take Vengeance, if they serve me so :—

Shall

Shall I become a Laugh for Cits and Sponſ. ?
 Not I indeed—A plague o'both your Houſes ;
 Here MERCURY, go fetch my Basket
 To all my ſacred Siſters lend the word
 Go fetch my Bludgeon, Blunderbuſs, and Gun,
 And fetch my new Jack Boots, and draw 'em on,
 Send PEGASUS to VULCAN to be ſhod,
 And take this Sixpence here, and pay the God,
 See all be ready by the Break of Day,
 For when the Morning dawns I'll poſt away,
 I'll pop upon 'em from the Zodiac reeking,
 And ſet 'em all a Squalling, and a Squeeking.

Then oh, ye Critics from where'er ye come,
 Be it from Dublin, or from London Town,
 Tell him to aſk his Pardon ye aſſemble,
 And when ye ſee him, tremble—tremble—tremble.



AN EPI T A P H.

On a young L A D Y.

TO Death's victorious Hand a Sacrifice,
 Here, a once ſweet and winning Aſpect lies.
 Where are thoſe Eyes, which Luſtres cou'd impart,
 Ha That pierc'd like Lightning each unguarded Heart ?

Where

Where shall we find those Di'monds rolling bright,
 Those radiant Glories, now eclips'd in Night?
 Where are those Lips whence Sounds harmonious
 sprung,

Melodious Strains, and soft Persuasion hung?
 Where is the Tongue, whence Eloquence did flow?
 All silent as the Vault which holds thee now.

Here ev'ry Virtue, ev'ry Grace is come,
 And all must share one Fortune in the Tomb.



AN ATTEMPT to prove D R E S S,

Not only the S O U L of a B E A U, but the very
 identical Beau Himself.

F R O M the whimsical Proposition of this Thesis,
 which I have ventur'd to rise in the Defence of,
 I make no doubt but many of my judicious Readers
 will conceive, that I have taken upon me to prove
 the Non Entity of that Being (who amidst the Crowd
 of moving Matter upon this Earth) pass for rational
 Creatures, and are stil'd Men.

I shall not venture to affirm, that the Man and his
 Habiliments, can be one Individual or undivided
 Substance, as the Hohnums imagin'd those of the
 famous Gulliver;—Tho' I might with some Degree
 of Confidence assert, that let there be a Division made

F

between

between the Coat and the Man, the Suit might probably retain its full Perfection, but the Personage from whom it shou'd be taken, wou'd be allow'd by all, especially the Ladies, to be not half the Man he was.

The Advantage of Dress, consider'd merely as Cases for our Bodies, I shall pass over, as not essential to my present Purpose, and only confine my self to that Dress, which seems to be more particularly constituted as a material Part of the animal Economy, and is, with humble Submission, the SOUL of a BEAU, or rather the very Beau himself.

CRATES, who was once reckoned a tolerable wise Fellow (tho' perhaps not equal to some of our modern Fine Gentlemen) among other odd Notions, advanced, That true Embellishment consisted only in that which really adorn'd the Mind. —In this indeed we shall not acquiesce with him, for to instance the surprizing bad Taste, and Ignorance of those Heathenish Times, he proceeds with telling us (to modernize his Diction) That 'twas not the Golden Shoe, the glittering Solitaire, or the gay Rustling of gaudy Robes—but Wisdom, Modesty, and discreet Behaviour that fixes the Standard of real Worth.

Now whether these antiquated Notions are the least Reasonable to the present Goust, I refer to my Fair Readers, who, I doubt not, will acknowledge, That however worthy Imitation such strange Sentiments might formerly have been represented, they
have

have been long exploded ; and I believe there are few in our Days, can remember to have heard advanc'd, that such like Embellishments were any way Essential to an Appearance either in Box, or Drawing Room.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS in his endeavour to find out the Seat of the Soul, seems to conclude, that this strange Being resides in different Parts of the Body, according to the different Passions, Sexes, Ages, or Professions.—Thus to take it in his own Words.—In Epicures 'tis seated in the Mouth of the Stomach, Philosophers have her in the Brain, Soldiers in their Hearts, Fiddlers in their Fingers, Rope-dancers in their Toes, and Women in their Tongues.

From hence we may conclude, with the greatest Probability of Truth, that Beaux have her in the proper Adjustment of the smart cock'd Hat, the elegant turn of the silken Roleup, or the irresistible killing Air of a well tied Sword-Knot.

I fear I have already wearied the Subject, therefore shall leave it to the Reader's Decision, whether Dress may not properly be term'd, not only the Soul of a Beau, but the very identical Beau himself.



On the GENIUS of SHAKESPEAR.

IT has been the peculiar Priviledge of some Ages, to have Men of the most distinguish'd Genius arise amongst 'em, by whom, their Taste in the Sciences has been cultivated, and their Minds enlarg'd with new Acquisitions of Knowledge.

Never was there an Age bless'd with more distinguish'd Geniuses, than that in which SHAKESPEAR arose, and never was there an Age that cou'd boast a Genius posselt of such astonishing Abilities, as SHAKESPEAR himself.

It has been universally allow'd that Imagination is the leading Quality of a Poet, and that whatever other Requisites may be wanting, if he possesses this Grand Gift of Heaven, he may present an Audience with agreeable Scenes, he may lead 'em thro' the Wilds of Nature, and raise their Passions to a Pitch of Elevation, with which they were unacquainted before.

It is certain that all who are conversant with Literature, or whose Minds have any Relish for great Ideas, have been unanimous in heaping the most lavish Praises on the Genius of SHAKESPEAR; and indeed as Encomium is the only Tribute Posterity can pay to the Memory of the illustrious Dead, it is a Tribute which, in a particular Manner, is due to this great Man, and in which, as there can be no Prostitution, so is there no danger of ever carrying it to Excess.

The

The more any one reads SHAKESPEAR, the more will he be dispos'd to think of him with Veneration, as He was the first who introduc'd Dramatic Poetry with Success, and wrote in the Language of the Heart.

The Poets who went before him, either did not understand the Passions, or were unable to raise 'em to any Degree. Nor have any of his Successors (however they may possess particular Merit) found out the Means of working upon the Heart, of making the human Soul confess his Power, of leading it wheresoever he wou'd, and kindling in it whatever Flame he pleas'd to communicate.

AS SHAKESPEAR was the Source of Dramatic Poetry, so was he more than any of his Cotemporaries, Master of the Art of Description ; all the Objects he paints, strike the Imagination in such lively Colours, that whoever reads, must see, and remain strongly under the Influence of the Illusion.

It is impossible to be present at a Play of his (such especially as abound with Intrigue and Business) without engaging in every Quarrel, and ent'ring the Lists in every Dispute—Languishing with his Lovers, fighting with his Heroes, and feeling every Sensation he meant to excite.

A Knowledge of Character, is the Basis upon which a Dramatic Poet must proceed. —This was SHAKESPEAR's peculiar Talent ; Life, thro' all her Gradations.

tions, was subject to his Inspection: He was acquainted with the Manners of every Station; —His Princes and Heroes, have all their particular Characteristics, their Behaviour varies in Proportion to the leading Principles that agitate them, and they are ever consistent with the Part the Poet intended they shou'd support.

There never was an Author united such a Variety of Understanding. —Some have succeeded in raising one Passion, some in those entirely opposite; some have rous'd the Stage with Peals of Thunder, have shock'd it with the Tumults of Battle, and all the Rage of War; while others have only been able to excite the delicate Sensations, to raise a Sigh in a tender Bosom, or make the Tear of Pity start in the Eye of those whose Souls are form'd for Compassion,

Others again have undertaken a Delineation of Comic Life, have descended to low Characters, and mov'd Laughter by Drollery. To succeed in each of these Attempts, much Study and Genius is requisite; nor has it been the Portion of many to arrive at any Degree of superior Merit, in more than One of these Parts; but such was the Force of SHAKESPEARE, that it is difficult to determine in which Sphere he shines most.

When we contemplate his MACBETH and RICHARD, embrued in Blood, the Alarms of a Murderer distracting their Imaginations, their cruel Souls planning Schemes of Mischief, and their great Hearts struggling

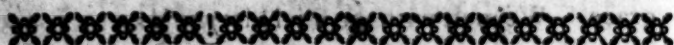
struggling against the Calamities of Guilt, we are led thro' every Scene with Terror, we are dispos'd to Persecute those ambitious Disturbers of the World, and drive them from the Society of Men with disgrace. — We melt with the filial Piety of HAMLET; and he must have a Breast of Adamant, who can withhold the Emotions of Nature, at the tender Breathings of the sweetest Lovers, which ever were the Offspring of a Poet's Imagination.

If he enters into Comic Characters, he shakes the Sides with innocent Mirth. — His Clowns are true Pictures of low Life, and his Satire is so admirably pointed, that it Stings without displeasing; and such is the Influence of his Humour, that it is difficult to say, whether we Laugh more at his burlesque Descriptions, or violently feel genuine Sorrow in his Scenes of Distress.

But to Effect this, was not enough for SHAKESPEAR, His Imagination produc'd new Worlds, and his supernatural Characters are all mark'd with that divine Magic, which only HE cou'd give. — The Reign of Existence was too Narrow to bound his Powers, he cou'd lead the Soul to enchanted Regions, and acquaint it with those Beings who Inhabit the Fairy Land.

It is indeed true that all Panegyric on the Genius of SHAKESPEAR is superfluous; but it can never be wrong to join the general Admiration, and in a Place consecrated for the Promotion of true Taste, and
true

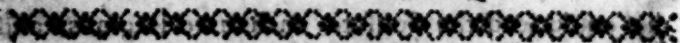
true Knowledge, to contribute something in Praise of Him, whose Works are his best Monuments, and which never can Perish but in a World of Flames.



AN ACROSTIC.

M ysterious Love, thy faithful Vot'ry aid,
I ndulge my Passion for the charming Maid;
S uch was her Worth, the Graces ne'er cou'd find
S o fair a Face, with a Minerva's Mind:

T he Nymph approach'd with ev'ry Virtue crown'd,
U ndone, my Heart her pleasing Triumph own'd;
R esign'd to thee, Oh, Love, fly swift away,
N ow urge my Suit, and to my Charmer say,
E xult not Fair One o'er a Youth distress,—
R eceive his Hand, and make him wholly blest.



AN EXTEMPORE.

Tho' Cæsar's the younger may boast of his Worth,
And thro' Pelf, think his Sins all forgiv'n,
Yet he who was never a Soul upon Earth,
Can ne'er have a Mind worthy Heav'n.

NEW MARKET:

OR THE

HUMOURS of the TURF.

A

NEW COMEDY

OF

TWO ACTS.

Proceed my Son, nor heed their further call,
Vain his Attempt, who strives to please 'em all.
Foote's Prologue to the Author.

By GEORGE DOWNING, Comedian.



H A L I F A X:

Printed by P. DARBY, for the AUTHOR, 1763.

NEW MARKET

OF THE

THEATRE

NEW COMEDY

TWO ACTS

acted by the company who have to thank the
in the theatre, who have to thank the
Theatre for the Author.

GEORGE DOWNING, Comedian.

Printed by the Author.



T O

Mr. J—S— of SPALDING.

The following Trifle is most humbly Dedicated.

Flatt'ry I shun, 'tis Truth confines,
The Bounds and Limits of my Lines.

S I R,



H O' Vanity is in some Degree a Predominant Passion (or Vice) naturally incidental to all Mankind, yet You, whose quick discerning Eye must have perceiv'd some part of my Disposition, will, I flatter myself, never set that down as One of my greatest Foibles.

If I have not Vanity for my Excuse, I am conscious You, and many other of my justly esteem'd Friends, will say, Why then did you Publish your Folly to the World, and hazard the little Reputation, you have gain'd as an Actor, to the Sarcasms of any carping Critic, or Ill-natur'd Witling, whose sole Employment of Life is to condemn, what they seldom can amend? To this I must reply in the words of your Favourite.

“ My

“ My Poverty, but not my will consents ”

When I was last at SPALDING, (great part of which Time I had the Honour and agreeable Satisfaction of passing in your Company) I had so much Sense, or Judgment, call it which you please, as to imprint strongly on my Mind and Memory, most of your Observations, not only on the Performers, but Authors of Our Drama.

How I profited in my Profession, under your Direction and Instruction, I humbly submit to the Opinion of the Ladies and Gentlemen present at my last Benefit in your Town, tho' I was indeed, at best, but a faint Copy of my most excellent Original.

No, no, it was not I play'd LEAR, but You,
Say then, to whom the most Applause was due,

But this is mere Digression—my Business is to excuse myself as an Author, not as a Player, in which Excuse, you'll perceive the ill Consequences of a Gentleman's condescending to pay any Regard to the Vagabond Muses, as well as in taking Notice of any of their Bastard Brood—for even here, Sir, you still must bear the Burden, or, if there is any, take the Merit, for I may justly say—

If Budding Genius warmly glow'd
'Twas owing all to Thee.

[I remember the Course of one Evening's Conversation, chiefly turn'd on FARGE—wherein you observ'd that most of our Petite Pieces (which went under

under that Denomination) were no more than Translations from the French, —making it a Question at the same time, Whether disregard, or Barrenness of Invention, with-held our modern Poets from attempting this pleasing, fashionable Folly! —On this I frequently ruminated, till I hit (as I thought) on a proper Subject, viz. The TURF. This I imagin'd an open Field for displaying a Groupe of Characters, a Vein of Humour, and a Stroke of Satire.

Diffident of my own Abilities, I imparted my Plan to George Alex. Stevens (a Man of undoubted Capabilities) who not only approv'd my Scheme, but promis'd to put it in Execution. — I sincerely wish he had, for I think he cou'd have work'd it into an agreeable, and diverting Entertainment.

Soon after finding he made no advances towards it, — I sat down, and wrote the first Scene of my Frenchman. Hoping to induce him to the Undertaking, I shew'd it him, and tho' he declared it was the best French Scene he had ever met with, yet he made no attempt to follow the Plan, on which I dropt all further Thoughts of it.

Profer'd Service (says the old Proverb) often stinks.

So it prov'd here — for I had no sooner got to London, then he requested this very Character of me. — I had left it at Spalding, otherwise shou'd willingly have oblig'd him. —

When I reach'd the Country again, having no great Study on my Hands, I wrote Sir Marmaduke Jostle, imagining it wou'd prove a new and entertaining Character.—Whether Indolence, Diffidence, fear of the Critic Censure, or a continued Series of Misfortunes, and Disappointments, prevented my sending both these Parts to Stevens, I really cannot tell.

“ In my Mind's Eye—

I see you wonder, I never ask'd Your Opinion of Monsieur Parolles. No, Sir, I had gain'd your Regard in one Art, and was unwilling to stake my^e All, and hazard so inestimable a Jewel on another; for with JUBA I must say,

“ I'd rather, Sir, have you approve my Deeds,
“ Than Worlds for my Admirers.”

Some Persons who have read my Sportsman, seem to think I had an Eye on my Lord Chalkstone, some that I kept in view Sir Harry Beagle, others, that I had blended 'em, and made use of both.—But I declare I had nothing in my Mind, (to my Knowledge) except heightening a little the Person I had fix'd on for my Standard.

Confinement of Body gives Freedom of Mind.

This I can testify, for in Trouble, I form'd a kind of Plot for the Characters I had sketch'd out, and dispos'd

pos'd of them in the following Order. — My chief Aim was at Humour, and I have so far succeeded, as to be confident this little Piece will Act, much better than it will Read; but I submit my self to your better Judgment, and remain with highest Sense of the many Advantages and Favours your Goodness has heap'd on me,

S I R,

Your ever obliged,

And most devoted

Humble Servant,

GEORGE DOWNING

DRAMATIS PERSONA.

As Cast, and intended to be Perform'd by
Mr. *Whitley's* Company of Comedians.

M E N.

Sir *Marmaduke Jostle*, an Old Gouty } Mr. *Whitley*.
infirm Sportsman,

Capt. *Jostle Rakeit*, his Son, whose } Mr. *Hill*.
Name was chang'd by Act of Parli-
ament, secretly in Love with *Clara*.

Sir *Samuel Mortgage*, A Merchant. Mr. *Barret*.

Jack Riot }
Dick Wildfire } Sportsmen & Bloods. } Mr. *Vaughan*.
Tom Bullyboy } Mr. *Robson*.
Will Clower } Mr. *Wheeler J*.
Mr. *Hurrel*.

Tipperaire. An Irish Gentleman, Mr. *Dunn*.

Paralles. A French Barber, Mr. *Downing*.

John, a Servant

Dick, a Servant

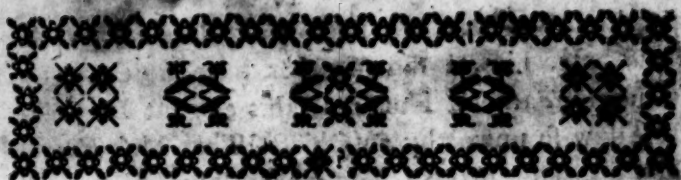
W O M E N.

Clara. Daughter to *Mortgage*, in }
Love with Capt. *Rakeit*, dis- } Mrs. *Wheeler*.
guis'd as a Livery Servant,

Jenny, her Maid, disguis'd as Lord } Mrs. *Robson*.
Wilson.

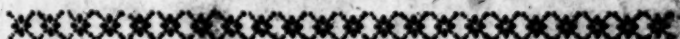
Miss Hearly, in Love with another } Mrs. *Downing*.
Capt. *Rakeit*,

S C E N E N E W M A R K E T.



T H E

HUMOURS of the TURF.



A C T I. S C E N E I.

A G A R D E N.

Enter C L A R A.

O. P.

N O W that I am got so many Miles from dear *London*, and safely arrived at the Place of Action, it may not be amiss to Reflect a little upon the Occasion of my Folly. My new ten Days Acquaintance, Miss *Hearth*, has pretty well convinc'd me, that my faithful Swain, my precious, dying, honourable Lover, Capt. *Rakish*, has not only made Proposals of Marriage to her, but has absolutely press'd her to Name the Day of his Happiness. Well, all this may be; but what most amazes me, is, the Character she gives of him, — a Rake! a Sot! a Gamester! an Hypocrite! a false Friend! a dishonourable Lover! O sic! sic! —

hate him. — No, my Passion but deceiv'd me, If I had hated him, I shou'd never have stolen away from my Father's House, in this elegant Disguise, to follow so unworthy an Object. That Miss *Heartly* shou'd so soon make a Conquest of him, piques my Pride : My Fortune is as great as Hers, as Independant too, — and then for Charms—— Oh Captain ! Captain ! — What have I follow'd thee for ? —

Enter Miss Heartly.

O. P.

O my dear Innocent, I'll tell thee in a Moment— for Love.

Clara. Pretty well guess'd indeed, Miss *Heartly*. Now, pray answer my Question as honestly, and tell me, why you accompanied me ?

Heartly. For Love—Almighty Love, Child.

Clara. After what you told me concerning Capt. *Raksit*, is it possible you can still love him ?

Heartly. Why that's a hard Question indeed, my Dear,—but I can't tell, yet—I don't know how it is — the Man is certainly Master of a Sort of a *Je ne sais Quoi*—— I think I cou'd tame him.

Clara. I own 'tis not impossible ; but the Bird that has been us'd to Liberty, ill brooks being coop'd in a Cage.

Heartly. I shall never trouble my Head about that, Love ; when I have catch'd him, he may flutter as much as he pleases ; but I shall take Care he shall never break the Wires. — To be sincere, my Dear, I think he's a bad Man, but we'll not be rash—but I'll try, and then pass sentence.—You love him—

(nay,

(nay, never put on a Look of Denial) you do love him—so do I—your Maid's Recommendation to his Acquaintance, in the assum'd Character of Lord *Wilton*, will search the inmost Recesses of his Soul, and tent him to the Quick. In the mean Time, you shall find me secretly, openly, and honestly your Friend.—No step shall be taken without our mutual Agreement; and which ever may prove the Object of his Wishes, (provided we find him worthy the Name of Husband) shall, without breach of Friendship, take him.

Clara. With all my Heart, if we find him worthy.

Heartly. Ay, worthy, or unworthy, we must run the Hazard — 'tis for better or worse, you know. But here comes your faithful Emissary, *Jenny*. — his Lordship I shou'd have said.

Enter Jenny (as Lord Wilton) P. S.

Clara. Well, my dear *Jenny*, what News?

Jenny. Abundance, Madam.

Heartly. Did you see the Captain?

Jenny. Yes, Madam, I did see him.

Clara. And what said he?

Jenny. Said, Madam?—why he said—Didn't you think I staid long?

Clara. Indeed I did; but what said he, *Jenny*?

Jenny. Said, Madam! But, why, *Jenny*?—my Lord, if you please, I'll not bait an Inch of my Title.

Clara. Well, then, my Lord, my Lord *Wilton*—What said the Captain?

Heartly.

Heartly. Ay, ay, what said he? How look'd he? How did he receive you?

Jenny. Why, Madam, I'll answer all your Demands in a Breath, if my Breath will give me leave to go through 'em. When I gave him your Brother's Letter last Night, he perus'd it with a great deal of Attention. Then, assur'd me, he had not the Honour of being acquainted with the Gentleman, or any of his Family; yet, notwithstanding, thought himself bound to fulfil the Contents of the Epistle, and make my Lordship, during my stay here, his peculiar Care, He was engag'd in Company, he said, and insisted upon mine. On Promise of being allow'd to drink just as I pleas'd, I consented and follow'd.

Heartly. There, there, Miss *Clara* — there's one Proof of his Modesty—to deny all Knowledge of my Brother, his Friend—his intimate Acquaintance—

Clara. But what Company was he in? How did he behave?

Heartly. Like the Villain we shall find him, no doubt.

Jenny. No, Madam, you wrong him in this Point, his Company seem'd select'd from the most refin'd, their Mirth consisted of Wit, Pleasantry, and innocent Freedom.

Heartly. Lookye there, Miss, didn't I tell you he was an Hypocrite.

Jenny. In short, Madam, the only Alteration I perceiv'd in him, was, that he was less Gay than usual.

Heartly.

Heartly. To be sure; — my Brother's Letter brought him a little to Reflection.

Jenny. In brief, Ladies, he persisted in his intreaties of making his House, my Home, till good Manners oblig'd me to accept his offer—Nay, had he insisted on my taking Part of his Bed, he was so pressing, I don't know which way I cou'd have refus'd—but it's as well as it is I believe — I see somebody coming this way, we must move further. [Exeunt.]

O. P.



S C E N E II.

A CHAMBER, in Sir *Marmaduke's* House.

Sir *Josle* and *Mortgage* discover'd seated. Sir *Josle* in an Arm Chair and wrapt in Flannels. *Servants* attending.

Mort. Why truly, my old Friend, I arriv'd last Night, but it was very late, so was loath to disturb you--I'm very glad to see you, Sir *Marmaduke*, ifaith I am—tho' indeed, I am sorry to see you in this Condition.

Josle. Ay, Sir *Samuel*,—Decays of Nature [Coughs] quite broke down—Gout—Ptytic—Rheumatism—Food for the Hounds, Sir *Samuel*. [Coughs.] but how are You, old Acquaintance?

Mort. Why so, so, in Body—but then in Mind, my Friend, something under Par, ifaith I am. — Must turn over a new Leaf, — ifaith I must, — must open a new Book, Sir *Marmaduke*.

Josle.

Joss. Ha ! how ! what !---stand further off, you Rascal---what are you list'ning at ?— Oh, damn that Twinge !---further off yet you Dog---so, so, so,---ay, that's pretty well.---But, I say---ha ! ---how---not broke up, are you ?

Mort. No, no, quite the Reverse, — quite the Reverse,---Ten Thousand in Bank, Fifteen in Old Annuities, Seventeen deep in Lord *Hardy*, Seven good on the Debtor side—besides private Hands, Insurances, and the South Sea.—Sum total, about Sixty Thousand Pound. Sixty Thousand ifaith.

Joss. Upon my Soul, I'm glad on't—Sixty Thousand—why you're well in, by the Lord *Harry*—O Damn it !—

Mort. What's the Matter, Sir *Marmaduke* ?

Joss. O Zoons !—only let down in the back Sins, that's all. Harkye, what are you so uneasy about ?—If you've got o'the wrong side, I'll tell you how to hedge off.

Mort. No, no, Horfes are Books I never Figure in, Mine's a home Stroke.—ah Women, Women, Sir *Marmaduke*, are the Ruin of all Mankind.

Joss. Troth so they are, but I've left 'em off—I never trouble my Head about 'em now. I wou'd not give a Glass of Old Hock, for a Field full of 'em.

Mort. Nor I ifaith.—But my Daughter *Clara*, my only Child—and a dutiful Child she was, till my Brother dy'd and left her Twelve Thousand Pound.—Since that, I have found out, that she's over Head and Ears in Love with a Rioting, Rakehellly Officer. I faith, I e'en tax'd Madam home with it, and told

her

her she shou'd never Marry but by my Consent.—
She immediately pack'd up her Alls, and with her
Maid left my House privately.

Yost. And have you no Scent of her?—have you
beat up the Bushes.—ha:—Once lay well in, and I
warrant you soon come up with her.

Mort. Why I imagine she has took a Ramble af-
ter her Captain.—and I am inform'd he is come to
this Part of the World.—which indeed brought me
hither. If I catch Madam, I'll marry her with a
Vengeance.

Yost. So ho—so ho!—I find her, in five Hours,
for five Hundred, If she's here about—let me alone
Man, I know ev'ry Turning and Winding---double
Ditch'd Hedge, and five Bar, for forty Miles round.
So ho:—*Dick*, bid the Groom saddle *Dumplin* di-
rectly. (*rises*) I'll soon be after her (*falls into his Chair*)
O Damn that twinge—O—Zoons—where are you
going now, you Dog?

Dick. To bid the Groom saddle *Dumplin*, Sir.

Yost. Saddle the Devil you stupid Dog, — Don't
you know I can't mount, you Rascal?—there, there,
there it runs—all down my Leg—O Zoons! my Toe!
my Toe! my Toe!—Give me a Glass of Hock, you
Rascal. [*drinks.*] So, so,——another you Villain.
[*drinks.*] There, there—pretty well—pretty well.—
[*wipes his Face.*] Ah, Sir *Samuel*, this is not the first
Piece of Sport I have lost thro' this damn'd Gout.—
Did not push at a Scut, nor turn 'up a Brush, all last
Season.—Got the best Stud in *England*, for all that,
Sir Samuel.

Dick

Mort. I must beg Pardon, Sir, I forgot my self; how does your Lady?

Jost. Why she's well enough, I believe—she's thrown out tho'—took a flying Leap into t'other World, that's all.

Mort. And your Son, Sir, how does he, pray?

Jost. Spoil'd, quite spoil'd.—You must know my Wife's death intitled him to Seven Hundred a Year,—has never been worth Two-pence since. The Fellow's turn'd Fool—was very well once tho'—Wou'd stop at nothing—Hedge, Stile, or Gate, was all one to him; but now, good for no earthly Thing, pores over a Parcel of damn'd Books, never looks at a Hedge, and wou'dn't Ride a Mile after the finest Hounds in *England* — I keep the best Pack in the County my self — gave Five Guineas for a Bitch Yesterday—Didn't I *Dick*?

Dick. Yes, please your Honour.

Jost. Give me a Glas of Hock, *Dick.* [*Coughs and then drinks.*] Pure easy now, Sir *Samuel*.

Mort. I'm glad of it, Sir.

Jost. What was I talking about, hey *Dick*?

Dick. About your Honour's Liver Colour'd Bitch.

Jost. O ay,—right, right — She came out of *Ned Dung's* brown Bitch, and was got by—No, damn it, I was talking about my own Puppy. —What d'ye think, Sir *Samuel*,—The Rascal's turn'd Soldier, and was in *Germany* two Years, Popping at a Parcel of cowardly, half rotten *Franchmen*——a great deal of Courage in that, Sir *Samuel*, hey. — Damn it, what say

say you to a Match between your Daughter and him?

Mort. Nothing cou'd be more agreeable to me, Sir; for I find my self in a Decline, a sort of blank Leaf in Life: I wou'd fain settle my Affairs, and see a little One of my Daughter's, to divert my Old Age.

Jest. If it's a Boy, tho', I'll breed him my own way, he shall be none of your wishy washy Milkshops--No, nor none of your Military Potguns,—I'll make him a Buck, a Blood—one of us old Boy—He shall calculate the Odds, before he can prattle, and take a Hedge as soon as he can stride [*Coughs.*] O curse it—that Fit had almost choak'd me.—some Hock, Sirrah—see how the Rascal stirs!—some Hock, some Hock, you Dog. [*drinks.*] Yes—yes—let me alone. Sir *Samuel*,—I'll take Care of his Education.

Mort. Well, Sir, nothing then remains but that we settle the Conditions. — *Clara*, on the Day of Marriage shall have half my Wealth, and the Whole when I die.

Jest. And I'll settle half my Estate on my Son, and the Remainder when I die. Now, your Hand, There, it's a Match---Play, or Pay, mind, [*Coughs.*] O Zoons, Zoons!----so, so----If I outlive my Son, I'll settle all on his Children.

Enter John.

O. P.

Tom Wilson has sent to let your Honour know, how your Honour's black breasted Ginger is going to be pitted.

H

Jest.

Yos. O damn it! up with me, ye Dogs! up with me! I wou'd not miss this Battle for a Million; Come along, Sir *Samuel*, I'll shew you Sport. I fight for an Hundred, you shall go Fifty if you will.

[*is carried off, Mort. follows.* O. P.



SCENE II. A STREET.

Enter Tipperarie and Parolles. P. S.

Tip. Well, my Dare, and how do you like this *Englisk* Diversion?

Par. O begar it be vera cruelle. Diversion! Vere be de Diversion to see two littel Coque of de Game, beata von anoder till dey be deat?---If I vas de littel Coque, I voud sava my Life.

Tip. Arrah, my Dare, now, how wou'd shave your Life, after you was Dead?

Par. O begar, Monsieur, I voud ron away.

Tip. Yes Joy, that is the *French* way of Fighting---But they wou'd bodder you finely if you were to Fight so in *England*, or *Ireland* either---But O my dear Creature, what were they after doing to you, just as I went into the Cock-Pit?

Par. Vat, you no see dat? Oh, 'twas vera pretty. de *Englisk* be vera oncivil to de Stranger.

Tip. Och, upon my Shoul, my Dare, I know that --- but it's not their Fault---For if they'd been born
in

in *Ireland*, Joy, they'd been as civil as no Body at all. But tell us, my Dare, what's become of your Eye, will you?

Par. De tout mon Cœur, Monsieur, vid all mine Art. Me vill tell a you.—— I con don from *Londre* to dis 'Place, to cut a de Hair for de Lady; to dresse de Vig for de Gentlemens. I pring don in my littel Box, de grey Poudre, de scented Pomate, de several sorte of Essence, and many oder littel Curiosités—— but bove all, I bring don my curious new Invention, vish I call, Conserve of Nocotiana.

Tip. Highcackiana! Upon my Shoul, my Dare, you may call it fat you please, but a Rotten Apple's better.

Par. Petter! For vat?

Tip. For your lame Eye, my Dare.

Par. Vat! you tink me intend Pomate and Poudre mine Eye? Non, non, Monsieur, dey be to sell to de Gentlemens and to de Lady---but my Conserve---

Tip. The Devil fire you, Joy, I tell you it can't serve, and will do you no Service at all.

Par. O mon Ami, you do mistake; vat is mine Eye to my Conserve?

Tip. I tell you, Honey, nothing can serve so well as an Apple Poltice made of Burgomy Pears.

Par. Vas ever any ting like dis, you vill no onderstand!---you vill no letta me speak!

Tip. Why I understand you without any speaking at all.

Par. Dat, dat is no da ting---my new Invention--- my Necotians-----

Tip. Vel, fat is that Nicackiana?

Par. Vat is it?---- Je vous direz, Monsieur----I vil tella you----De *Englise* Gentlemens of Qualité, loafe to imitate the Vulgaire in ev'ry ting—dey tella de Lie, dey ride a de Race, dey drive a de Cdash, dey trink a de Beer, dey fight a de Coque, dey beat a de Man, dey shaw de Tobac.——

Tip. Yes, my Dare, I love a Chaw of Green Tea Tobaccho.

Par. You vill no hear vat I shall zay ---De *Englise* Enfans de Qualité, loaf a de shaw of de Tobac, 'cause dey tink it look so like a de brave, bold a Man —— But den dey no loaf a de Taste --Now, Sair, my Invention is to teash a dem dis *Englise* Politesse.--Eoutez mon Ami---Me buy mine Tobac.

Tip. So do I, my Dare, I always buy mine by begging it.

Par. Dis is Interruption---Me buy mine Tobac--Me boila mine Tobac---Me take a all de Stengt out of mine Tobac---Den me put de vera vine Sugar, de Lemon, de Essence, and several oder Tings mongst mine Tobac; by vish means (En Temps) de littel Shild of tree Years old, vill loaf a mine Tobac----my Necotiana.

Tib. Well; whether you Loaf your Tobacco, or make it into-Rolls, does not signify three Chaws. But you was going to tell me about your Eye.

Par. O --- mine Eye! ---- Begar me had forgot a mine Eye--- But I vill tell a you de whole Affair--- Ven I con to mine Inn, me zay to my Landlors --- (a vera goot sort of Gentleman, my Landlors Monsieur

me

me zay, vat Time vill you beginna your Race of de Horfe? (vor me loaf a de Race) he zay, my L^{or}s Marquis (he take a me vor von Marquis) two, tree Hour after the Coquain be over--- vill your L^{or}ship no go to de Coquain?----Me dit que ouy---. Zo me leaf a my Monies at mine Inn, vor veer dey should pick a my Pockite ---Ven I go into de Place --- Vat you call de Name of your grande Ministere?

Tip. Pitt, Joy.

Par. Yes, yes, de Pit, vere dey fight a de Coque--- Dere vas von great pig fat Gentlemans, fat puff and blow --- blow and puff - - comme ca ---- Von Coque tomble don and lay dere kick a de kick ----- De fat Gentlemans call out so loud --- Ten Pound to von Cron---me zay, don Sair, don---me lose---he demand de Moneys---me zay, vid vera great Politesse---Sair--- You stay here von Moment --- me go to mine Inn--- me pring a you de L'argent. He den call out, Vat you mean, you Rascal, to sheat a me,---to lay de Vager, vidout de Moneys. Dere vas anoder littel tinny Gentlemans, vid tin black Face, avec de Star here, and de Ruband, comme ca--- he zay, Vat you con here vidout de Rhino! vidout de Cole! vidout de Colonel! --- Gentlemens, Silence! Silence! here be von *French* Rascal--- von Villain con here to Sheat our Nation --- Den dey all roar out Ten Hondred Tousand Oats---Tamma dis---Tamma dat---up vid him---up vid him---Den dey put me into von Basket ---den dey take hold of de Corde--- den dey jompa me up to de Top of de House---den dey tomble me to de Bottom of de House --- Den dey tomble and

jompa—jompa and tomble me bout — Till von oder Gentleman put a de Ten Pound Coque into de Basket vid me.—Me take a hold of de poor littel Ting, for fear dey shou'd jompa Him. — Begar, he pricka mine Hand vid his Pins— he pricka mine Legs— till we bote tomble out pon de Ground.—Den dey all Laugh—den dey Swear. — Den dey cry out, Ten Pound to Von, de *French* Coque Vin. — Den dey give a me de black Eye, — and den dey kicka my Breeshes out of de Room.

Tip. Upon my Shoul, now, that was very great Uncivility. But as I never saw you before, and as you're my very good Friend and Acquaintance,— open your Lips, —I'll give you some wholsome Advice, Joy, and tell you how you may Hedge it off genteely. Go there again To-morrow, my Dare, and lay the big fat Gentleman Ten Pound to One, and when he has lost, upon my Shoul we'll Basket HIM in one of the Cock-Bags.

Par. Vat ! I go dere agen !—Non, non, Monsieur, I vill no go dere pon my vard ! — Vat ! I go dere— I lay Ten Pound to Von——

Enter Bullyboy.

O. P.

Ball. Done, done, to you, and I'll take it as often as you will, damme.

Par. Ecoutez, Ecoutez, Monsieur ? (*to Tip.*) vill you put de Gentleman in de Basket ?

Tip. Upon my Shoul, I'll put you both in the Basket, for a Snap of my Finger.

Ball. Well, what say you, is it done, hey Mon-chair ?

Tip.

Tip. Upon my Shoul, now, it has been done above an Hour.

Bull. What's done! what's been done above an Hour, hey?

Tip. Why, the Basketing, my Dare.

Bull. Hey! what! Oh damme I'm off — this is the sneaking Son of a Bitch, that had no Money in his Pocket.

Tip. What avails that, now, why he has got Goods, and Merchandize, and Outlandish Ladies Commodities, which are all the same you know: Then he has Negoro ten of ye, and Powder, and Loaves of Tobacco——

Par. Ouy, Monsieur, at your Service.

Bull. Damn the Scoundrel, what, does he take me for a Tabacconist? I'll teach you better Manners, ye Dog — strip, strip, you Rascal — I'll teach you to affront a Gentleman. [*strips.*]

Tip. Harkye, my dare Life, [*to Bull.*] Let me desire you to be after putting on your Cloaths again, for I have a little *Shetlab* here, that never was sworn to keep the Peace, and does not love to be over quiet with a Friend, when Business is to be done.

Bull. [*putting on his Cloaths*] What d'ye think I can't lick such a sneaking Hottentot as that——I'll Box him with one Hand for Fifty Pound, and I'll say done first.

Tip. But, my dare Soul, how can you say done first, when the Battle is not begun yet? Och, how foolish that is.

Bull. [*strips.*] Foolish! Damme, d'ye know who I am?

Tip. Not I, upon my Shoul, Honey, but I believe you're an *Irishman*, only you'd the Misfortune of being born in *England*.

Bull. No, no,—No Bogtrotter, damme—I'd have you to know, that I have better Blood in my Veins—No, no, not so bad as that comes to. [*puts on his Cloaths.*] No, no, — I'm Son and Heir to Lord *Pandour*—what d'ye say to me now, hey?

Tip. Why, I say, Joy, I have as much Blood in my Veins as you, and am Son and Heir to Nobody—What d'ye say to Me, now?

Bull. Why, I say, you're an impudent, impertinent, *Irish* Scoundrel, and I'll lick you both, one down t'other come on.

Tip. Heh! upon my Shoul now, and that will be pretty Diversion enough! So I'll give the Preference to my *French* Friend here, because he's a Stranger, and let him begin first, and when he's down, the Devil fire me, but you shall see me come on—Come, come, little Tobacco Merchant, begin.

[*Bull. pulls off his Cloaths.*]

Par. Non, non, Monsieur, you be de greatest Stranger—I onderstand de Civilité due to the Stranger—you sal begin first.

Tip. No, Honey, I understand Shivility too—You shall begin first.

Par. Oh, que non, Monsieur, I consider your Qualité—you be de Gentillehomme—I be but de Marchand, you must begin.

Bull. Here are a Couple of pretty Sons of Bitches! afraid of a Knock of the Jaws!—Why, you speaking Son of a Whore, I won't spoil your pretty Face, but, take that. [*kicks Monsieur.*] but,

Par. Serviteur Monsieur, dat be vera Pleasant !
ha ! ha ! ha !

Bull. And for you, Old Potatoe-Merchant, I'll wring your Nose off your Face ; you shan't have a Nostril left to smell out your own Country Bogs, you cowardly Rapsallion. [*putting on his Cloaths and going.*]

Tip. Harkye ! — don't be in such haste — you Mr. my Lord's Son and Heir — You and I, my Jewel, must have a little Talk about those cowardly Country Bogs. — So you may chuse a Stick, or a Sword, or a Pistol, or a Fist, or what you will, my Dare, by way of Satisfaction —

Bull. Holla ! holla ! *Jack Riot ! Dick Wildfire !* —
Damme but I'll Trim ye, [*strips.*] I'll give ye a Belly full — I'll 'noint thee —

Enter Riot and Wildfire.

O. P.

Riot. What the Devil's the Matter here ?

Tip. [*stripping*] Nothing at all, my Dears, only here's a shivil Lord's Gentleman going to fight about my Nose, and you two shall be one of his Seconds.

Riot. Zoons, Man ! we'll have no Quarrelling —
Come, come, put on your Cloaths, we'll have no Quarrelling.

Tip. Now look ye, Honeys, to shew I'm peaceable in my Quarrels, I'll either beat him, or let it alone, just as the good Company thinks fit.

Riot. Oh, let it alone, by all Means.

Tip. With all my Heart, my Dear [*puts on his Things*] I'm as easy as a tight Boot, or an old Shoe.

Riot.

Riot. [*Aside*] 'Blood, *Bully*, put on your Cloaths, my Buck!—On with your Cloaths. [*Bully puts 'em on.*] Damme, I thought you had more Sense!—Don't you smook 'em? One's a *French* Barber, and t'other an *Irish* Taylor—We'll have such Fun by and by [*to Tip*] Sir, I beg Pardon; I once had the Honour of seeing you in *Dublin*; I think, your Name, if I mistake not, is 'Squire—

Tip. *Tipperairie*, my Jewel, and ever your engaging Friend and humble Servant.

Riot. Dear Friend, I'm heartily glad to see you; I hope, for my Sake, you'll lay aside all little Animosities, and favour us with your Company at Dinner To-day: Your Friend there shall be welcome too on your Account—Who is he?

Tip. My Dear, he's a Man of great Fortune, and a great Merchant, and deals in Hair, and Powder, and Pomatum, and Tobacco, and all those Affairs.

Riot. I'll speak to him—Sir, I understand, by my Friend, 'Squire *Tipperairie*, that you have the Honour of being a *Frenchman*: *France* is the Country I adore; and out of Respect to that, as well as to your Person and Gentleman-like Appearance, must beg the Favour of your Company to a Dinner To-day, which I believe is now on the Table.

Par. Sair, you giva me beaucoup de Plaisir, in your kind Invitation.

Bull. Hip, *Jack*, Have you laid any Plot?—Any high Fun, hey?

Riot. Aye, aye, Fun enough; make it up with 'em, and I'll manage the rest.

Bull.

Bull. Gentlemen, I'm sorry any Misunderstanding should happen between us; but, since every Thing is settled amicably, we'll not stand complimenting, but go to Dinner, drink a chearful Glass, away to the Turf, and, when we return, we'll drown Care, and send our Troubles to the Devil.—Hark, forward.

Exeunt Bull. and Riot. O. P.

Tip. Now, upon my Shalvation, Monsieur, there can be no Harm in going to the Devil with such shivil well-bred Gentlemen, so come along, Honey.

Exeunt. O. P.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A CHAMBER.

Pen, Ink, Paper, and a SCREEN ON.

Enter Clara, and Jenny. P. S.

Clara. **I**NDEED and indeed, *Jenny*, now it comes to the Trial, my little Heart flutters strangely! If the Captain should happen to see my Face, I shall be discover'd by my Confusion, and betray myself by my Blushes—I long, yet dread, to hear his real Thoughts of me.

Jenny. Madam, why so? If he proves a Villain, discover yourself, fly at him, and tear his Eyes out; make his fine Face, pay for the false Heart.

Clara.

Clara. No, *Jenny*, if I find him false, I'll be reveng'd on his whole Sex, and die a Virgin. But what must I do with Miss *Heartly*? You know I'm bound by Promise to let her partake of our Interview.

Jenny. O Madam, she's took pretty good Care of that herself; she's now in the next Room; and, as soon as our Conversation grows interesting, will conceal herself behind that Screen: And I fancy, from the Impetuosity of her Temper, if *she* should prove the forsaken Damsel, she'll take some nobler Revenge, than dying a Virgin—But soft, here comes your Captain.

Enter Captain.

P. S.

My dear Captain, I hope you have not been so complaisant as to let my Wishes put any Restraint on your Pleasures—After the Sport had been over, wou'd have serv'd my Turn.

Capt. I assure you, my Lord, Racing is a Diversion I am not over fond of; consequently shall strain no great Compliment in saying, I give the Preference to your Lordship's Conversation.

Jenny. You're particularly obliging, Captain—But I flatter myself you are sincere in what you say; therefore, without further Ceremony, will accept the Favour of your Company: You'll be kind enough to excuse the Presence of my Servant, as he must write some Letters of Consequence in the To-night's Post, and bid me, that I may give

Capt.

Capt. I beg your Lordship would make no Ceremony.

Jenny. Come sit, Captain. [*They sit.*] Heigh ho! I shall be but dull Company, I'm cursedly out of Spirits To-day. [*Yawning.*]

Capt. Thinking of a Mistress, perhaps!

Jenny. A Mistress! No faith, it's worse than that-- I'm thinking of Two.

Capt. Two! O rare! You Men of Gallantry, like to be doubly arm'd — But is it possible you can be in Love with both?

Jenny. In Love! No Curse catch me, if ever I'm concern'd in that Mystery. But the Truth is Captain, a few Thousands wou'd be no discredit to my Title, nor the least Inconveniency to my Estate.— Now you must know, that two old Fellows, who got their Money by Knavery in the City, are so over-spend of having it spent in Insincerity at the Court, that each has offer'd me a large Premium, to take his Daughter out of the Noise of Bow Bell. Now you know the Occasion of my Dullness, Captain.

Capt. I think your Lordship shou'd rather be inspir'd with Vivacity. But pray have you yet fix'd upon the happy Lady?

Jenny. Not I, upon my Soul,—I never saw either of 'em—— But as I have no particular Attachments to any of the Sex, and am of no very wavering Disposition, I think I may, with an agreeable Woman, pass my Life very Comfortably. — Will you oblige me with your Opinion, Captain?

Capt. I assure you, my Lord, I have so high a Sense of your Politeness and Understanding, that I
I cannot

cannot make the least doubt of Happiness for the Lady; and if she is blest with Sense and good Nature, the same Comforts will certainly be doubl'd on your Lordship.

Clara. [*aside.*] Sure that Tongue can ne'er be hung with Falshood!

Jenny. Captain I thank you for your Advice, which I will immediately follow.—*George*, write to the Knight—tell him how much I'm oblig'd by the Honour he propos'd to me—that nothing cou'd be more agreeable to my Inclination—that I shall be in Town in a few Days, when I hope to receive his fair Daughter from his own Hands—Begin *George*—you know how to word it. But if instead of increasing my Happiness I shou'd lose—'Tis a great Hazard, Captain.

Capt. I can't think so, my Lord—tho' you may not immediately possess the Lady's Heart, your Person and Merit will soon gain an Ascendancy over her Affections; and I don't know, my Lord, but that Kind of Esteem may be more binding, than the strong Excesses of an ardent and over violent Passion.

Jenny. Then you really advise me to Marry.

Capt. I do from the Bottom of my Soul.

Jenny. Then I'll take your Advice—I'm determin'd now, and the Devil himself shan't alter my Resolution.

Enter Miss Heartly to the Screen.

O. P.

Heartly. Now I fancy Matters will soon be put to Rights. [*aside.*] If my Glass don't Fib, I know Somebody's Heart will ach for't.

Clara.

Clara. 'Tis done, my Lord ; how must I direct it ?

Jenny. Why you have the Knight's Letter.

Clara. Your Lordship has it in your Waistcoat Pocket.

Jenny. Have I ? Let me see—let me see—O here it is—'Tis as long as a Super-cargo's Account of an *Indiaman*—Ha ! ha ! ha ! the old Fellow gives me a Description of his Girl—where is it ? Oh ! [*reads.*]
 “ My Daughter *Clara* is twenty Years of Age, is
 “ what the World calls Handsome, has twelve Thou-
 “ sand Pound to her Fortune, which on the Day of
 “ Marriage I shall make up Forty.” Ha ! ha ! ha !
 Forty Thousand Pound, d'ye hear that, Captain ?

Capt. *Clara*, do you say ?

Jenny. Ay, *Clara*. [*putting up the Letter.*]

Clara. You forgot the Direction, my Lord—

Capt. Sure it is not my *Clara*, he means ! [*aside.*]

[*Jenny pulls out the Letter and reads.*] Here it is—
 “ To Sir *Samuel Mortgage*, in *Throgmorton Street*,
 “ *London*.

Capt. Damnation !—my Mistress ! Curse on my
 Tongue——what a Piece of Work have I made of
 it. [*aside.*]

Clara. How my Heart pants. [*aside.*]

Jenny. Come, Captain, toast my *Clara*, and give
 me Joy.

Capt. *Clara*—toast *Clara*, my Lord ! No, you
 must pardon me.

Jenny. Pardon you—prithee why Man ?

Capt. Because you don't know her, my Lord—
 I shall go distracted. [*aside.*]

Jenny. It shall go cursed hard but I will know her, ay, and make her know me----an the Devil step not between.

Clara. I see his generous, tender, fond Confusion. I see he loves me. [*aside.*]

Heartly. Now he's silently rejoicing that he has got rid of her. Ah, *Clara, Clara*, I knew how 'twou'd turn out. [*aside.*]

Jenny. Come, Captain, to my dear *Clara*. [*fills and drinks.*] Nay, as I marry by your Advice, you shall do me Justice.

Capt. My Lord, she's not so handsome as you may perhaps imagine, I have seen her.

Heartly. Yes, yes, I've seen her too—I knew where 'twou'd end. [*aside.*]

Jenny. [*looking at the Letter.*] Not handsome! ha! ha! ha! O fie, Captain. Look here, here, Captain, "which on the Day of Marriage I shall make up
"Forty Thousand Pound."

Capt. I don't speak altogether of Beauty, or Fortune; but her Temper, my Lord: Did your Lordship never hear—

Jenny. Come, come, Captain off with your Glafs.

Capt. I say, did your Lordship never hear her Character?

Jenny. [*reads.*] "Which on the Day of Marriage I shall make up Forty Thousand Pound." Oh! Captain, she's a lovely Creature!

Heartly. A lovely Creature! No, no, there are lovelier than she in the Captain's Eyes, and sure he ought to be a Judge. [*aside.*]

Capt.

Capt. How shall I turn his Resolution? [*aside.*]
I'm sorry my Lord——

Jenny. Ay, so am I, since you have so thoroughly convinc'd me of the Happiness attending a married Life, I'm sorry I defer'd it so long—Come, Captain, You shall go with me; we'll drive up to *London* To-Morrow Morning, you shall stand Father, and give her away.

Heartly. Ay, that he'll do with all his Soul, I'll be bound for him. I see plainly which way his Wishes bend. Oh Captain! Captain! — Oh! he's a dear, faithful, charming, constant Man. [*aside.*]

Jenny. My dear Captain, you seem thoughtful—Come, come, take a Glass Man, and chear up——I'll provide a Match for You too, and one wedding Supper shall serve both---why, never be cast down---I'll speak to the old Curmudgeon, and Miss *Heartly* shall be yours, I hear she's a fine Girl, and has a noble Fortune.

Capt. Miss *Heartly*—who is she my Lord?

Jenny. Oh, the other young Lady that was offer'd to me.

Capt. And is it possible your Lordship can refuse her?

Jenny. Why, do you know her, Captain?

Capt. Know her? Ay, my Lord, she's an Angel.

Heartly. There, there—I knew how 'twou'd prove in the End. [*aside.*]

Capt. My Lord, she's the Admiration of the whole World. She has Beauty without Art, Virtue without Affectation, Wit without Ill-nature, and Judgment

ment without——O, my Lord, she's a sweet Creature !

Clara. Oh, Heavens ! Then he is false, and I am miserable. [*aside.*]

Hearthy. Upon my Word, Miss *Clara*, you're in a pretty Situation—The conceited Thing !—to imagine a Man of the Captain's Sense and Judgment cou'd ever fancy her——Oh, I shall so mortify her ! [*aside.*]

Capt. Come, come, your Lordship shall think no more of *Clara*, but take my Advice, and sign and seal for Miss *Hearthy*.

Jenny. Pardon me, Captain, I see which way your Passion bends, and will do you all the Service in my Power—I'm determin'd to stick to *Clara*—so shall be no bar to your Happiness.

Capt. I can't bear this ! I shall run distracted ! [*aside.*]

Hearthy. Poor Captain ! how uneasy he is about me ! how violent his Love is ! I'll not keep him much longer in Pain, but discover myself, and reward his Constancy, by running into his Arms. [*aside.*]

Capt. Since I find you have fix'd your Thoughts on *Clara*, I must deal openly with your Lordship, and tell you, I'm engag'd already——

Jenny. To Miss *Hearthy* ! Take her, Captain, take her.

Capt. The Devil take her, my Lord, for me.

Hearthy. Ha ! how ! what ? [*aside.*]

Jenny. Fie, Captain ! She has Beauty without Art, Virtue without Affectation, and Wit without Ill-nature——Oh, Captain, she's a sweet Creature !

Capt.

Capt. No, my Lord, I have but disguis'd my Passion, and must now confess the Truth—*Clara* is the Sovereign of my Soul, and he who robs me of her, must first deprive me of my Life.

Jenny. Why, Captain, you're a roving Lover I find! Where's the Regard you just now shew'd for Miss *Heartly*?

Capt. Miss *Heartly*! If I spoke of her with Regard, my false Tongue bely'd my Heart—Miss *Heartly*! I know her not.

Heartly. [*Coming forward*] O Villain! Monster! Perjur'd Wretch! Not know me, Traitor!

Jenny. Upon my Honour, Miss, you've gain'd a noble Conquest here; ha! ha! ha!

Heartly. Ha! I'm amaz'd! This is not the Gentleman I meant. Sir, I beg ten Thousand Pardons for all the Uneasiness I have occasion'd you. *Clara*, my dear Girl, I'll be your Rival no longer; you may throw off your Fool's Frock now, and wear your Lover's Livery, if you will, for I resign all Right and Title.

[*Exit.* P. S.]

Capt. *Clara*! Is't possible? My dearest Angel, ease my Soul, and tell me what all this means? [*goes to her.*]

Clara. It means — that you are true, and I am happy.

Enter John.

P. S.

John. Sir, Sir, somebody has told your Father, as how you're going to run away with two young Women in Boy's Cloaths, and he, and another old Gentleman, are coming here to look for you.

Capt. What old Gentleman? What's his Name?

John.

John. I don't know, Sir, but they call him Sir
Something Mortgage.

Clara. Oh, Heavens, my Father! Now we're un-
done!

Capt. No, my Dear, I'll contrive some Means to
escape their Search—Retire with me, my Life, this
Room is too publick. *John,* run back to my Fa-
ther, observe every Word and Motion; and let me
know what they intend. Come, my Life, if you
agree, the World shall never part us. [*Exe. P. S.*]



SCENE II. A WASH-HOUSE.

Enter Monsieur Parrolles drunk. O. P.

Par. O begar, me did never see such Gentlemens
in my Life! Dere dey sit drinka, drinka! O dere
my Head ron away dat Side, my Legs go slippite
slip; dere, dere my Head go vay toder Side—O me
be vera sick; I vish me had de Candle, it is so dark,
me sal tumble don. I believe dere is something in
my Prain: O mon Dieu! now dis whole Room ron
ronda, ronda! Begar, me vill shitta don here [*sits*]
dere de Room go ronda, ronda: Ah, mon, pauvre
Tete!—Non, non, Monsieur—Je ne peu pas [*lies*
down] Inteed I canno; no, Gentlemens, no more,
me can drinka no more; non—non---non---

[*Falls asleep.*]

Enter

Enter Bullyboy, Riot, Wildfire, and Clover, with a
Candle. O. P.

Bully. So, good-night, Mounchair. Harkye, *Jack Riot*, let's tofs the snivelling Son of a Whore in a Blanket.

Riot. No, no, damme, let's Horsepond the scent-ed Son of a Tobacco-Stopper.

Wildfire. Rip him up, and I'll hunt his Trale with you To-morrow for a Hundred.

Rio.. Done, done for a Thousand.

All. No Bet, no Bet; let's have some Fun.

Bully. Ay, ay, some Fun, some Fun. I'll tell you what, I saw a Coffin at the Carpenter's just by, fetch it, and we'll bury him.

All. Ay, ay, fetch it, fetch it.

[*Ex. Wild. and Cleo. R. S.*]

Bully. Holla, *Jack*, here's a Gown and Petticoat hanging up, they'll serve the *Frenchman* for a Shroud. Come, come, off with his Coat; so, so, Zoons, lend a Hand, *Jack*. [*Dress him in Woman's Cloaths.*] Why you cut a pretty Figure, Mounchair. Search his Pockets, *Jack*. Hey! What the Devil's here? A Box of Powder! Oh, stand away, stand away; A Ghost should be white, you know. Hey, *Jack*, [*Powders his Face*] Let's see what's in t'other Pocket. Here's a Rascal, can't be content with cramming his Herring-gut, but must pocket our Provisions. Why here's enough to make Soup-maigre for a whole Regiment of *Frenchmen*.

Enter

Enter Wild. and Clov. with a Coffin. P. S.

All. Come, bring it along, bring it along.

Bully. Here set it down. Come, Mounchair, so, in with him, in with him, my Bucks. [*Put him in.*

Riot. Now let's bury him.

Bully. No, no, we'll wrap ourselves up in Sheets, wake him, and make him think we're Ghosts.

All. Ay, ay, the Sheets, the Sheets.

[*Ex. Wild. and Clov.* O. P.

Bully. We'll teach you, Mounchair, to pocket Victuals, I warrant you. What's become of the *Irishman*?

Riot. He's half drunk, and fast asleep in next Room; shall we hum HIM too?

Bully. All in good Time.

Enter Wild. and Clov. O. P.

Oh! the Sheets, the Sheets; on with 'em, my Bucks, on with 'em. Now range yourselves round the Coffin, and put out the Lights.

[*They all fit, Bully on one Side, Riot on t'other. They hallow, and wake Parrolles, who starts up.*]

Par. Vat is de Matter?

Bully. Oh!--oh!--oh!

Par. [*Turns to him*] Oh! vat is dat!

Riot. Oh!--oh!--oh!

Par. [*Turns*] Mon Dieu! vat sal me do? Who's dere?

Bully. Think on your Sins. [*Parrolles turns.*]

Riot. Repent of your Wickedness.

Par.

Par. [*Turns*] Oh, Gentlemens, me do tink, me do repent.

Bully. Do you know where you are?

Par. Non, Monsieur. [*Turns.*] But, by de Feel, me believe me *be in* de littel Box.

Riot. You're in your Coffin. [*Par. turns.*

Bully. You died last *Thursday*. [*Par. turns.*

Par. Ah, le mauvaise Plaisanterie!—Vat, I be deat? I be in my Coffin?

Riot. Yes, and you are now in Company with Thousands of Ghosts.

Par. Oh, miserecorde! Me hear two tree hondred Voices. Pray, Monsieur, Qui etez vous? Who are you, pray, Sir?

Bully. Death.

Par. Et vous, Monsieur? [*Turns.*

Riot. The Devil.

Par. Dat is vera strange! Goot Monsieur Deat, and Monsieur Devil, you do me de Favour to shew me my Logement. [*Offers to rise.*

Bully. Sit still, if you offer to rise, you'll have a Thousand Pitchforks in you.

Par. Oh! terrible! Vat sal I do?

Riot. Make yourself easy—rest contented—and you'll be as happy as if you were alive.

Par. Alive! Dat is von vera pretty Joak! Vat, I be deat?

Bully. I tell you, Yes—Last *Thursday* you got drunk—

Par. Non, non, Monsieur, begar it vas To-day.

Riot.

Riot. I tell you, No—'Twas last *Thursday*; you got drunk, laid down on a damp Floor to sleep, caught cold, died, was buried, have been entranc'd, are just waken'd out of it, and are now settled with us in Purgatory.

Par. I tink I be no deat. [*Feels about.*] Eh, vat is dis pon mine heat? Vat is dis pon my Bodies?

Bully. Your Shroud.

Par. My Shroud!—Ah, pauvre Pecheur! Vat sal I do?

Riot. I see you are hard of Belief——Lights there. [*Lights brought on, and immediately carried off.*]

Par. Oh, misericorde! 'tis vera true; I see de Ghost! I see de Devil!

Bully. You're welcome to our Territories.

Riot. You may command our Services.

Par. Begar, dey be de civil Ghost—de civil Devile. I be now convinc'd dat I be deat, and dat every Ting be as you say. I hope, Gentlemens, I sal make myself agreeable to your Conversation.

Bully. Don't you remember an *Irish* Gentleman that was with you on *Thursday*?

Par. On *Tuesday*?—Ouy, Monsieur, 'twas Monsieur *Tipperairie*.

Riot. He died at the same Time you did; he was run thro' the Body by an Officer, for treading upon his Corns, and we expect him here every Moment.

Par. Oh, pauvre Monsieur *Tipperairie*!

Bully. Poor Gentleman, he died mad, and his Punishment here, is to continue so. You must not mind what he says, if he should speak to you—Hush, here he comes. [*Rises.*]

Enter

Enter Tipperairie.

O. P.

Tip. Upon my Shoul now, Joy, it was the most unhivil Thing in the World, to leave a Man asleep by himself, without any Company——Hey! the Devil burn ye all, what are you about? What, have you put out all the Candles? Or won't you light 'em for fear they should be burnt out?

Bully. Hush! Hush! the Lady's come.

Tip. Arra vat Lady?

Bully. What Lady! Why the Lady that sent you the Letter just now; didn't you see it?

Tip. I don't know, my Dear; if I did, I was fast asleep, and so didn't read it. Vat was it?

Bully. Why the Countess of Mountream has fallen desperately in Love with you.

Tip. Upon my Shoul, now, I don't wonder at that at all.

Bully. She has sent you this Wig and Coat, that her Relations mayn't know you, if they see you, and desires you'd put 'em on. She'll be here in a Minute or two—Now's the Time to make your Fortune—She's a most beautiful Creature, and has twenty Thousand Pounds to her Fortune.

Tip. By my fait, Honey, I'll be about her, and her Fortune too, before ever she comes.

Bully. I assure you she's a very modest, virtuous young Lady, and therefore begs there may be no light.

Tip. Och the Devil a Star, Joy, no more than if it was Moon-light—But what shall I say to her?

Bully. Say! Why, tell her, you love her.

K

Tip.

Tip. Upon my Shoul, now, and so I do, Honey.

Bully. Hush! I hear her coming. Let me lead you to her—I'll stand at your Back, and tell you what to say. Here, put on this Coat and Wig first. [*Dress him in the French man's Cloaths.*] Now, this Way, follow me—there—sit down.

Tip. [*Sits*] Faith, this is an odd Sort of a little Tub I am cramm'd into.

Bully. Never mind that—There, the Lady now sits before you. [*Bully sits down by him.*]

Par. He is vera mad! Monsieur Devile, will he no bite a me?

Riot. No, no, I'll sit by you, never fear.

Tip. Well, my dare Life, and now I'm come so far to see you, what d'ye say to me? Ah! the Devil a Word! But I like her the better for that, now—It's a Sign of her Modesty. Your Shervant, Miss. Upon my Shoul, Child, you're the sweetest Girl I ever saw in the Dark in all my Life; and so, my Jewel, if you'll be after putting your 20,000 l. in your Pocket, I'll carry you into *Ireland*, and make you a Present of the sweetest Parata Garden you ever clapt your Eyes on. [*To Bully.*] Now, my dear Life, I think I've said enough to win the Affections of any Countess in *England*.

Bully. Ay, ay, that you have, and you shall marry her directly. Here, *Will Clover*, step into the Parlour, and bid my Chaplain come this Moment; if he's loth to leave his Bottle, bid him bring it with him.

Tip. And, harkye, my dear Friend *Will Clover*, bid him make Haste and come, drunk or sober.

[*Exit Clover, O. P.*]

Upon my Shoul, blind Fortune wou'd never look upon me before ! But now my dear honey Jewel, I'll make you as happy as the Woman that's unborn.

Enter Mortgage, listening. O. P.

Mort. Where the Devil can Sir *Marmaduke* stay all this while ? Ifaith, I shall have my Daughter marry'd here, before I know where I am !

Sir Jostle brought on a little way. O. P.

Jost. Soho, soho, soho—Make haste, ye Dogs, away with me, ye Rascals—Soho—We found her sitting—Here's her Form—I told you I'd find her.

Mort. Hush, hush, Sir *Marmaduke*—let's listen a bit. The Wench is going headlong to Ruin—She's along with some *Irish* Rascal, and is going to be marry'd directly.

Riot. Damn this Rogue of a Chaplain, what does he stay for ?

Tip. The Devil burn his Cheek now !—Och, I hear somebody coming, and perhaps they'll spoil my Fortune now I've made it.

Bully. [*Rises*] Come, come, damn it, take her Hand, and I'll marry you myself—I'll stand Parson for once.

Sir Mortgage and Jostle come forward.

Jost. Will you so, ye Dog? Will you so?—
 Damme, I'll marry ye, with a Devil to you! Here,
Tom, bring some Lights—Set me down, ye Scound-
 rels—*Dick*, fetch my Blunderbuss—Bid *Jowler*
 unkennel my Hounds—Tell *Popwell* to load all my
 Pistols, and bid *Speedwell* saddle my Hunters. They
 shan't escape, Damme. [*Dick offers to go.*] Where
 are you going in such a Hurry, ye Dog? Give me a
 Glas of Hock first, ye Pimp! Ye Scoundrel!—
 Oh, damn that Twinge!—Oh, Zoons! Zoons!

Enter a Servant with Lights.

Bucks. Ha! ha! ha!—A high Hum, Damme!

Bully. Ha! ha! ha!—Old Potatoe-face, why
 don't you marry the Lady?

Tip. Och, upon my Shoul, Honeys now, I'll
 marry ye all in a Moment. [*Rise.*] The Devil
 fire my Cheek, but I'll hum ye to some Tune—
 [*Drives off the Bucks O. P.*] And for you, Monsieur
Parollas, by the sweet Lips of my *Shelolab*, I'll rowl
 you up into a Loaf of Tobacco—Ye *French Flandre-*
kin! [*Offers to strike, Servants hold him.*]

Par. En Verité, Monsieur *Tipperairis*, it was no
 my Fault! De Gentlemens dey con here, dey play
 de Ghost and de Devile vid me!—Je vous demande
 Pardon—but it vas no my Fault.

Jost. Why, Sir *Samuel*, we've made a fine Spot
 of Work on't!—We're got upon a wrong Scent here,
 —We're thrown out, Damme!

Mort. Ay, ay, we've turn'd to the wrong Page, I faith, we have, and my poor Girl, by this, may be ruin'd. What's to be done?

Tip. I'll tell you what shall be done, my Jewel—I find they have humm'd Monsieur as well as myself—So, d'ye see, Monsieur, you shall take *Shelilah* [*Gives him his Stick*] and I'll take little *Sweet-Lips* here, and we'll find 'em out, and hum them longer than we can stand over 'em. Come under my Arm, Monsieur, and we'll soon find them.

[*Takes the Frenchman by the Arm.*]

Par. Non, non, Monsieur, I will no go to de Gentilemens.

Tip. Not go, by Shaint *Patrick*, my Dare, if you won't go, I'll carry you, and if you won't be carry'd---I'll beat you till you can't carry your self.

Par. Oh, Monsieur, I vilt go vere you please.

Tip. Then I'll follow you, and shew you the Way. [*Exeunt.* O. P.]

Mort. Dear Sir *Marmaduke*, think a little about this Affair; you seem as indifferent as if nothing had happen'd, ifaith you do.

Josf. Why, old Boy, I was thinking of an Affair of much the same Kind, which happen'd about ten Years ago——I was thrown out in much the same Manner——Got upon a wrong Scent. I'll tell you how it was. Sir *George Spring*, took over *Gaffer Stack's* five Acres; I gave *Bald Jack* the Whip, and presently was after him. Sir *George* finding me close at his Heels, laid hard to, gave Whip and Spur, and clear'd old *Stack's* Bar Hedge, a damn'd deep Ditch

o' t'other Side ; I never stood shilly shally, but over I went ; *Bald Jack* leapt short tho', and down we both came. *Lord Canter* follow'd me, and *Bob Bridie* the Huntsman was with him ; they both clear'd the Hedge, but leapt short, and came rattling down—*Damme* 'twas high Sport ---- *Bob* got no hurt, but *Lord Canter* graz'd his Shins damnably --- dislocated his left Shoulder, and knock'd out three of his Teeth --I came off with flying Colours tho'--broke nothing but my Collar-bone. Now as soon as I got home--

Mort. Phaw ! What's all this to my Daughter ?

Josh. Oh, Damn it ! damn it !-----Zoons, Sir, what's your Daughter to my Gout ?---Oh, my Foot ! my Foot ! my Foot !---Oh !---Zoons !----The Rascal has not beat up my Cushion---wipe the Sweat off my Face, ye Scoundrel---see how the Rascal stirs---

Mort. Come, come, don't be so warm, compose your self---who comes here, Sir *Marmaduke* ?

Josh. Oh, 'tis my graceless Dog of a Son, but who are these with him ?

Enter Captain and Clara.

O. P.

Mort. My Daughter and her Maid. Ah my pretty Renegade ! have I caught you ? But tell-me, *Clara*, are you ruin'd ? Tell me, my Child, are you married, or no ?

Capt. Sir, I'm given to understand, my Father and you, have consented to make us happy. Our Hearts have been long united, and nothing now is wanting to compleat our Felicity, but the Indulgence of your Blessing.

Mort.

Mort. Then, bless you together, with all my Heart. Why this is as it shou'd be, Sir *Marmaduke*.

Jost. Yes, yes, I knew Matters wou'd come right at last. Come hither Children [*they kneel.*] Bless you, bless you, ye young Rogues. Foregad she's a tight Thing, and clean made — sound Wind and Limb, I warrant her. Gad I'm overjoy'd; I'll go home and prepare for your Reception. I'll keep open House for a Month, and have a Bonfire made shall out-last the Honey Moon. If you don't get me a Grandson, within these nine Months, I'll disinherit you you Dog. Up with me, Sirrah--away with me, Rascals. [*they raise him*] I'll lay you---do you hear, Sir *Samuel*—I'll lay you Five Hundred Pound to One that I name the Day—O blood and fire, ye Dogs, what a Jolt you gave me there—set me down, ye Villains, set me down.—O curse that confounded Twinge—Oh there it goes all up my Leg—— Oh Zoons! Zoons! [*Coughs.*] Like to have gone that Bout, Sir *Samuel*—So, so, pretty well, pretty well---away with me now before t'other Fit comes on [*they raise him.*] Remember, Sir *Samuel*, I'm to have the Care of the first Child — you'll all follow—hey—away ye Dogs, away—Hark forward there, Yoics! Yoics! ——— [*carried off.*]

[*Ex. Mort.*

Capt.

Capt. Come, my dear *Clara*, let's follow the old
Gentlemen, partake of the customary Revels on these
Occasions, and then for Fruition of our honest
Wishes; but first this Moral to the World we give,

*Still to anticipate domestic Strife,
Each Fair shou'd chuse the Partner of her Life.
Nor be directed by parental Voice,
Where Happiness depends so much on Choice.*

T H E E N D.





A


P R E L U D E:

O R,

INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE

T O T H E

Sketch of One Year's Account of the Author's Life, most humbly Address'd to whoever chuses to read it.

 T may be necessary to premise, that my Father was a Tradesman; and, by Success in Business, had acquir'd a genteel and independant Fortune. As his only Son, I was not only educated, and regarded according to my Expectancies, but flatter'd as his Heir. In the Nineteenth Year of my Age, I married (unknown to my Father or Friends) the Daughter of Capt. Ed. Randolph, an eminent Merchant, an Elder Brother of the Trinity House, and Own Brother to Sir John Randolph. The Match prov'd disagreeable to both Parties; as one valued alone the Honour of his Family, whilst the other prefer'd Wealth. In brief, the old Gentlemen (like

two Lawyers) continued obstinate in their different Opinions, while We remain'd the necessary Victims, and were discarded by both.

More is not needful to say at present, than that at the Beginning of this Year's Account, I was blest'd with three fine Children, viz. one Boy, and two Girls; that I was seated in Herbert's Company of Comedians to my Wife, and was caress'd and respected throughout our Circuit.



A
S K E T C H

O F

One Year's Account of the Life

O F

GEORGE DOWNING, Comedian.

***** UPON a trifling, foolish Quarrel, ridiculously carried to too great a Height, Herbert and I parted, at Spalding; he for Lincoln. I for London, in Pursuit of a Bubble. My Friends persuaded me, as Mr. Berry was deceas'd, I might be engag'd in Drury-Lane for his Cast of Parts (one Motive for going thither) Another was, as my Father had never deny'd

deny'd me Money I wrote for (tho' indeed I troubled him but seldom) I doubted not but my Request would gain me what might be necessary for my present Use, and a Sufficiency to send for my Wife and Family from Spalding.—And

“ On these politic Schemes, I set forth on my
“ Journey to London.”

Where I arriv'd the Beginning of Sept. 1761, with six Shillings in my Pocket. Went the same Evening to Drury-Lane, and paid Two to see the Conscious Lovers; where, excepting Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Clive, I found nothing but what I've seen as decently done in the Country. After Play, I met George Stevens, at a neighbouring House, much frequented by under Actors of both Theatres, as well as a Kind of House of Call for Itinerant Heroes. Here, in a mix'd Company, I stay'd pretty late, enquiring after Theatric News, &c. Then was forc'd to go to a Bagnio for Lodging, which cost Eighteen-pence. In the Morning I arose, and breakfasted, where I had pass'd the former Evening. — Though my Heart was at Ease, and I was free from the least Apprehension of any cross Accidents thwarting my Designs, yet I thought it necessary to examine my Finances, which amounted to Four-pence Half-penny.

I now imagin'd 'twas time to wait on my Father, accordingly I clean'd my self, and went out with that intent. As I had not heard from him some Years, I thought it wou'd not be amiss to enquire after the
Family

Family, before I waited on it. To this end I call'd at a Public House in the Neighbourhood, where I staid reading the Papers, some time, before I saw any Body likely to give me Intelligence, which I at last gain'd too soon. A neighbouring Tradesman (whom I remember'd, tho' he'd forgot me) enter'd the Room, and sitting down in the Box with me, demanded what News, which opened a little Conversation on that stale, worn-out Topic, Politics: From this I took the first Opportunity of turning the Discourse to my own Purposes, and made my intended Enquiry, when he answer'd my Question, by the following Question; Pray Sir, have you any Demand on him? I reply'd in the Affirmative. Then I am sorry for you, says He; I have a large Bill upon him my self, and wish I had the Money. You amaze me, Sir, says I, I always understood he was a Man of Fortune. So did the whole World, cries He, but they are deceived. I was at his House this very Morning, and the Bird was flown; in short he's gone out of Town, no one knows whither, till some of his Houses are sold to set Matters to rights. The immediate Hand of Death could not have given me a greater shock; I lost all Power of Speech, and had not my Intelligencer been called away, he must undoubtedly have perceived my Distress and Confusion. His Absence, with the Help of Time, gave me Liberty to reflect and recover from my Surprise. Reflection gave me Resolution, and I determin'd to know the worst that cou'd befall me; for which end I directly went to my Father's, where I learnt, that

He,

He, my Mother, and both my Sisters were absent, and that Affairs were in the same Situation as had been represented to me. This was indeed a dreadful Stroke, more especially as twelve Years absence from London, had thrown me out of the Remembrance of my former Friends and Acquaintance: At least my forlorn Condition, and present Distemper of Mind, so figured it to my Imagination.

Thus tortured, unknowing where to fly, did I wander through Streets, Squares, and Alleys, from One o'Clock, till Eight in the Evening; when faint with Fatigue, Thirst, Hunger and Vexation, I boldly resolved to enter the House of Call, in Quest of George Stevens, though I knew he was not there.

“Necessity has no Law.”

What could I do? Why, I recollected my exhausted Spirits; mustered up a Shew of Gaiety, cloak'd my Sorrow with Smiles; carried an Air of seeming Composure and Tranquility in my Face, and prov'd a good Actor, by appearing the Thing I was not. The World may boast of their Garricks and Barrys, their Woodwardes and Shuters, their Obriens and Footes; but I can here firmly assert, that none of them ever enter'd a Character, so foreign to their Hearts, with more Ease and Confidence.

I walk'd in, chatted with one, laugh'd with another, told a pleasant Story to a Third, then call'd for a Welch Rabbit, and a Pint of Porter——’Tis

L

true,

true, I was solicited by different Companies to join in with them; but that was not so convenient, as Matters stood; nor was I at much Loss for an evasive Excuse; "My Time was not my own, I waited for a Gentleman, whom I expected to call every Minute, &c." By the Lord, though, it was a long one, and lasted, by the Clock, an Hour and Half, and, by my Impatience of Mind, a Day and a Half—When, lo! Stevens came—

Welcome, as gentle Rain to long-parch'd Earth,
Or to the lab'ring Wretch her new-born Babe,
Who clasps the Infant in her longing Arms,
And thinks she's paid for all her Sorrows past.

Ignorant of my Circumstances, I was invited up Stairs amongst the Wits, where I profited—Nothing. 'Tis true, had they been as eloquent as Cicero, as witty as Cervantes, or as satirical as Pope, it could, at that Time, have given no more Pleasure or Satisfaction to me, than so many Pearls thrown before Swine. Waiting an Opportunity of unburdening my full-swol'n Heart, engross'd, solely, my Attention—George at length went out, I follow'd, and unloaded my Bosom. He not only condol'd with me, but lent me Half a Crown (all the Silver he had) and bad me return to the Company, and be merry, lest they should suspect how the Land lay—I did so—at One all broke up.

"The dreadful Reckoning comes,

"And then, Men smile no more."

By

By Wine, Punch, and Supper Account, I found myself in Danger of being strip'd, as Lady Townly says,

“ Even to the Confiscation of my last Shilling.

But it proved otherwise, for Stevens brought me off genteely, by pulling out a Guinea, and saying, “ We need not both change, I'll pay for you, George.”

We parted, and I betook myself to another Bagnio, where I lodg'd well for a Shilling.

Next Morning my Cares and I awoke together, about Ten—When we consulted, and agreed, that a Dish of dumb Conversation between ourselves for a Couple of Hours, would save the Charge of Breakfast.

At Twelve I hail'd the Noon of Day,
And to'ards the Park besought my Way ;
The Park, where Numbers well as me,
Can tell the Branches on each Tree ;
Like me, instead of dining there,
With the Camelions feed on Air ;
Where Poets, in fantastic Chimes,
Rail at the Vices of the Times ;
Where Epicures, forbid to eat,
Renounce the Lux'ries o' the Great ;

Where Soldiers, Parsons, and Physicians,
 Pimps, Gamesters, Lawyers, Politicians,
 Discarded from all Office, stalk
 With solemn Pace, each shaded Walk ;
 Long to rejoin their Mother Earth,
 And curse the Hour that gave 'em Birth.

After pacing an Hour or more (tho' at an improper Time) Hunger rous'd me from my Reverie, and threw aside the Curtain of Contemplation, where I beheld Famine with her craving Train. I obey'd her Summons, quitted the falling Leaves, and unknown to myself, bent my Path towards Westminster ; for indeed any Path was equal to me ; where the first Object that struck my Sight was a Pastry-Cook's Shop ; here I halted, and bought two Half-penny Bunns, but where to eat them, was the next Subject of Consideration, and really gave me no little Uneasiness, when I concluded upon tracing the same Steps back again, till I came to the Bird-Cage Walk, where I sat down on a Bench, and made an excellent Repast ; march'd away to the usual Place, slaked my Thirst, got an Order for Drury-Lane, and saw Othello. Here I must be silent, lest I shou'd be thought envious and ill-natur'd. The Characters were perform'd thus,

Bridges (for the first Time) OTHELLO.

IAGO, Haverd.

CASSIO, Palmer.

RODORIGO, Yates.

BRABANTIO, Burton.

The

The under Characters, in general, were very decent; and *DESDEMONA* and *ÆMILIA* almost faultless.

From the Play, I directly went to my last Night's Lodging, where God, out of his abundant Goodness, crown'd my Night with peaceful Slumbers. But when the Morning summon'd me to rise, the Train of Troubles, Cares, and pining Want came staring in my Face, for

“ What a Day had I to go through ! ”

I looked back, and amidst other Weaknesses, reflected on my Folly, in not looking out for a Lodging, as soon as I perceiv'd my Disappointment, where I might have sigh'd with some Degree of Reputation, and kept my Distresses to myself. This Neglect, I still persuaded myself might be amended — better late than never, quoth the old Proverb — So up I got, to put this Plan in Execution, and repair'd to — where ? Why, the old Place, to be sure, and found the Family disengag'd — I mean from Company — for, in Fact, they were engag'd at Breakfast, to which I was invited, and could no ways resist the Temptation. Here I open'd a Discourse relative to Lodging, when they offered to make up a Bed there for a few Nights, till I might provide one to my Mind. I thank'd them for their Civility, accepted the Proposal, and told them, I would trouble them then that Night. This Burden taken off my Mind, left me more at Ease, and immediately I sat down and

wrote to Spalding an Account of my Disappointment at my Father's. At One (for at that House they always dine at Two) I walk'd out to see the Ducks fed in the Canal, to count how many Paces would carry me round the Park, to reckon the Trees, or listen to the faint Warblings of Birds, whose Notes seem'd to fall with the Leaves—Thus did I pass three Hours—I would entertain my Reader with the different Reflections I made in that Space, but am apprehensive they might tire his Patience, therefore let it suffice that my Thoughts were fully employ'd the whole Time.

At last I recollected an old Acquaintance, who liv'd formerly about two Miles from where I then was; to him I resolv'd to unbosom—but

“How foolish are the great Resolves of Man!”

When I reach'd his Door, notwithstanding I saw him in his Compting-House, I could not pluck up Courage enough to go in, but walk'd backwards and forwards, as if I waited the Opportunity of stealing something. At Times, as his Eye glanc'd aside, I imagin'd he saw me, but so different from my former self, that he had an Inclination to bury past Intimacy in the Grave of Forgetfulness. On the other Hand, had I enter'd, and met an Eye of Coldness, I fear'd it would strike me to the Heart. These, and many other childish Phantoms, did my Ideas raise,

“To fright me from my Purpose.”

In

In short, my Mind painted him in such odious Colours, that I determined to quit all further Thoughts of him; especially as another Friend came into my Head, with whom I had been still more intimate; though I was a Mile from his Habitation, I soon reach'd the Spot; but how great was my Surprise, when—

Instead of Bottles, which the Chymist's Skill
To various Blushes cou'd convert at Will;
Where Galen's Son in Phials cork'd up Health,
And barter'd Stores of precious Life for Wealth:
E'vn here, in Lieu of Art's medic'nal Aid,
Were Matches, Brooms, Tape, Hemp, and Whip-
cord laid.

When my Amazement was a little over, I found, on Enquiry, my Friend had not only changed his Habitation, but his Element, and was gone Eastward, Surgeon to a Sixty Gun Ship. Thus friendless, hopeless, and forlorn, did I return to the old Place of Rendezvous—I went up Stairs, and entertain'd myself with a Pork Stake, and wash'd it down with some good Porter. As I was to lay in the House, I can't say I was very uneasy, as I did not doubt but I could find some Excuse for getting to Bed with Credit, so passed the Evening pretty agreeably. Betwixt Eleven and Twelve, I told the Landlady, if she pleas'd, I would go to Bed—Lord, Sir! says she, the Waiter told me, you were gone; therefore,

as it rain'd hard, I put my Child and his Nurse into the Room I intended for you, as they had a long Way to go Home. I am very sorry for the Mistake, but hope you will excuse it; and it can make no great Difference to lay at the Bagnio one Night more.

She went on without Interruption, for my Heart swell'd, and bereft me of the Power of Utterance, till, the starting Tear untied my Tongue. Presence of Mind was necessary, and I was forc'd to make some Reply——Zoons, says I, this is very unfortunate, for I have Business of Consequence with Stevens, and must see him either To-night, or very early in the Morning, and by lying out of the House, I may probably miss him, as I can't depend upon rising early enough——Oh, Sir, says she, you had better stay, it can't be long before he comes in, and we must sit up for him. I answered, Well, I'll stay then, it will be the surest Way, as you say, so up Stairs I went again.

Now I was really in a pretty Situation. No Friend, no Money, no Lodging, my Reckoning unpaid, and a stormy rainy Night. At Twelve the Company broke up; one Gentleman threw down a Guinea, and call'd for Change. The Waiter told him, his Master was gone to Bed, and he was certain his Mistress had no Silver at all—I took the Advantage of this, and told him, I wanted Change too—Please to let it alone, Gentlemen, says he, till next time you come. Thus was I releas'd from one Difficulty.

I sat

I sat over a Pint of Porter till the Clock struck Two, when I heard the Landlady, in an exalted Tone of Voice, say, Come Jack, we'll go to Bed, if Mr. Stevens comes, you must get up and let him in. This I understood as a Warning for me to go; accordingly I went down, wish'd her good Night, and had the Satisfaction of hearing the Door lock'd and bolted, tho' I was on the wrong Side of it.

It was a fine dark Morning, and rain'd as if Heaven and Earth were coming together. All was still, except the Rumbling of the o'er-hung Firmament, which express'd its Anger in Peals of Thunder, accompanied with Flashes of Light'ning; I now resign'd my self over as abandon'd by God and Man. Being thus driven to the Necessity of turning Night-Walker, I sought shelter under the Piazza's in Covent Garden. Here I meditated on the Distresses of LEAR, and many Lines of his flow'd involuntarily from my Tongue, as

" Let the great Gods that keep this dreadful Pudder

" O'er our Heads, find out their Enemies now.

And again.

" Poor naked Wretches, wherefoe'er ye are,

" That bide the Pelting of this pitiless Storm,

" How shall your houseless Heads and unsed Sides,

" Your Raggedness, defend ye from Seasons such as these.

" Oh,

“ Oh, I have ta'en too little Care of this—

“ Take Physic Pomp, expose thy self to feel

“ What Wretches feel.

After pacing above an Hour, I heard the Sound of Voices, and easily distinguish'd my Friend George's amongst the rest, which reviv'd my drooping Spirits. I related the whole of my Dilemma to him in few Words, and he lent me a Shilling, with which I got a Bed, offer'd up an Ejaculation to the Lord, whom I found had not quite forsaken me, and soon drown'd my Sorrows in Sleep.

I awoke at Eight in the Morning, tolerably easy in Mind, for Stevens, when we parted, desir'd I wou'd call upon him as soon as I got up—I did so——He ask'd me, if I had any Objection to playing at Borough Fair—I answered, No. Well, then, says he, I'll take Care you shall be genteely paid. Sit down, I'm writing a Droll for Warner, you shall copy part of it, for Expedition sake, and carry it to him——Then, you may make your own Agreement, you know.

At One the Business was done—I sat off with the Droll, and a Letter of Recommendation in Regard to myself, besides an Assurance from George, of being received as a welcome Messenger, for he had kept the Affair so long in Hand, that Warner began to imagine he would disappoint him.

I reach'd

I reach'd the upper Part of Islington as soon as possible, and presented Warner with my Credentials, which he open'd and read with a consequential Air, without the least Shew of Pleasure or Satisfaction—though it was of great Consequence to him, as the Fair was to begin in a few Days, and there was barely Time for the Droll to be study'd.

I met so cold a Reception, that a little Spark of Pride (notwithstanding my Circumstances) kindled almost to Indignation. I rose, took my Hat, and slightly said, Sir, your Servant. This rous'd the Gentleman from his Throne of Insignificancy, and disrob'd him of every Degree of Consequence—save one, viz. Self-Interest.

“ Which untied his Tongue, and gave him Liberty of Speech.”

Sir, quoth he, pray where is George? I replied (with the Door in my Hand) at his Lodgings, Sir—Sir, your humble Servant. He followed me into the Street—Sir, says he, Mr. Stevens writes me Word, you are willing to play in this Piece, and gives you a very great Character, as an Actor—I'm oblig'd to him, Sir, answer'd I—He did indeed ask me if I would, and half persuaded me to consent—Sir, your Servant—Stay, Sir—Pray are you going to George?—Yes, Sir—If you please to walk in, I'll but put on a Neckcloth, and go with you. I agreed.—Can you tell, Sir, if Stevens will play in it himself, says he?—Sir, he declares he will not, which was the Reason

Reason of his pressing me to supply his Place—At this, he chang'd Colour, and appear'd more humble and complaisant.

We set forth, but met so many Tumblers, Rope-Dancers, Ballance-Masters, Fiddlers, Scene Painters, and Buffoons of his Acquaintance, that we were two Hours covering the Ground I had measured before in twenty Minutes.

On our Arrival, George, He, and I, sat in a Box by ourselves—A Bowl of Punch was immediately call'd for; when it was brought, I wink'd at Stevens, and said I'd have a Welch Rabbit before I drank—George took the Hint, and ordered three Pork Stakes. This was a seasonable Repast to a Man who had neither bitten or sup'd the whole Day.

When our Appetites were appeas'd, Business was brought on the Carpet. Well, George, quoth Warner, what Part do you play in this Affair?—Let's see (pulling out the Copy) you shall do—No, says Stevens, I'll do nothing—Nay, George, that won't be using me so well as I expected—Damn it, says Stevens, have not I secur'd this Man in my Stead? He's a better Actor than I am, by G—. Warner applied to me—May I depend upon you, Sir? Yes, yes, says George, I'll be answerable for him; but you must not look upon him in the common Light, for he's clever—he's the Thing—so I'll leave ye to bargain—and up Stairs he went—which occasioned the following Conversation.

Pray,

Pray, Sir, what may you expect per Day?—Sir, I'm a Stranger to these Affairs, therefore shall leave it to yourself, with this only Proviso, you shall be bound in Honour to give Me as much as you do any body else. He then propos'd a Guinea a Day; I thought it sufficient, and the Bargain was struck—Though, had I ask'd two, I think he'd not have made two Words about the Matter—He paid the Reckoning, gave me a Crown for Earnest, and took his Leave.

This Supply begot an Air of Consequence, and though I resolv'd to play the Niggard, and spin it to its Length, yet I determin'd to pass the Evening amongst the WITS. The Room was near full, but I was quickly invited to join eight or nine Porter Drinkers, with whom I stay'd till Twelve.

The Company consisted of Poets, Players and Dancers; except two broken Lawyers, a disbanded Officer, a Gown-strip'd Clergyman, and seven profess'd Wits. This was the first time I had Leisure to contemplate the Objects before me, though they were daily Visitants. I was willing to be pleas'd, and very attentive to all that was said during the Course of the Evening; but my Expectation was greatly disappointed: For, notwithstanding the many Efforts, and labour'd Endeavours, not one Witticism was brought forth. I think I could not well have miss'd 'em, had there been any, for I was so attentive, and so careless of disguising my Observations, that one WIT read my Mind in my Eyes, and

M

said,

said, you don't talk, Sir!—You lay no Open—I see you are all upon the Defensive. I should have taken Notice before, that though there was no Wit, a deal of low Raillery had pass'd, and imagined this wise Speech was only made, to try if I could bear to be put upon, therefore resolved to check his Imper-tinence at once.

Another Wit soon gave me an Opportunity of doing this, by saying, Ay, ay, come Sir, give us a Specimen of Elocution, let's hear the refined Sense of the Country, ha! ha! Come, you may talk, tho' you have nothing to say, as I do. True, Sir, replied I, that I could easily do, but really I have been so long in the Country, that I do not understand the Fashion of Conversation here. Ha! ha! ha! cried two or three, the Fashion of Conversation! ha! ha! ha! Yes, Gentlemen, repeated I, the Fashion of Conversation. For instance now: In the Country, when they meet with a Piece of sheer Wit, a real Jest, or a Stroke of well pointed Satire, they laugh; but in Town, I see you are all so wise and well bred, as to laugh at—Nothing. One would imagine this Cap fitted them all, for they hung their Ears, and stared at one another, till push about the Bowl, and here goes, broke through their seeming, painful Taciturnity.

The Hour of Rest came without any thing worth Remarking, I paid my Dividend, and throw my self in the way of the Mistress of the House, by discharging what was left the Night before; this I did to see

if

if she wou'd mention Lodging—as she did not, I was determin'd I wou'd not, so went to my old lumbering House, and made an Agreement to pay but Sixpence per Night.

Next Day, and the following, I din'd with these above nam'd WITS, who behav'd respectfully, tho' I cou'd not avoid noticing the Consequence they assum'd. As I have often mention'd the Word, CONSEQUENCE, I think my self bound to define the Consequence of it, at least as much as relates to these consequential Professors of it.

“ Get thee Glass Eyes, and (like a scurvy Politician)
“ Seem to see the Things thou dost not.”

CONSEQUENCE, consists in carrying an Air of Equality to your Superiors, a Degree of Superiority to your Equals, and an Eye of Disdain to your Inferiors.

N. B. Humility, Good Nature, and Modesty, have no Business in the Formation of this consequential Animal.

Nay, so catching is this Folly, that even the Landlord of the House (tho' it sat badly on him) affected it so strongly, that a Man might reasonably suppose his Customers were more obliged to him for selling his Liquors, than He was to them for buying them. Strange Infatuation! Indeed I comforted my self with hopes of its soon going out of Fashion, for it had already descended to the Servants, and you might

discern this very Air of Consequence in a Waiter's Manner of bringing in your Liquor, rubbing out your Chalks, or crying—Very welcome, Gentlemen. I may as well drop this Subject tho', for fear of Consequences,

“ For this hot termagant Scot, may pay me Scot,
and Lot too.”

The Morning after was fixed for a Rehearsal of our most excellent Composition. It was a kind of Medley, a Compound of Tragedy and Comedy, intermixed with Songs and Dances, and was intitled

St. GEORGE for ENGLAND.

I represented a King, two Lines of it I particularly remember, which may serve the Reader for a Specimen of the Whole.

I will not vaunt, nor many things I'll brag on,
But I'll my Daughter give to him that kills the Dragon.

After Rehearsal, Warner and I went to a Public House, and I ask'd him for a Crown, which he gave me; he wou'd have had me partook of the Coach which was waiting for him, but I chose to stay in the Borough to get a Lodging against the Fair. When he was gone, a Man well dress'd, who had been talking with him, said he shou'd be glad if I wou'd dine with him any where — I consented, and desired he would order a Beef Stake, or what he lik'd; not long, says he, for they'll charge us Eight-pence a Piece,

Piece, and we can both dine at as genteel a House as this, for Five-pence. Such Economy suited my Abilities, so I went with him, where he made good his Words, for he bought a Pound of Beef for Four-pence, got a penny Loaf, and call'd for a Tankard of Porter; the Cook dress'd the Stakes, and we ate them. After Dinner I wanted to learn who my new Acquaintance was, but he sav'd me the Trouble of enquiring by beginning thus,

You must know, Sir, I am Master of a Puppet Show, and am come to buy Puppets and Cloaths, my last having the Misfortune of being burnt. Now, Sir, while my Things are making up, I thought it wou'd be as well to earn a little, as lay Idle, therefore have engaged with Mr. Warner to blow the Trumpet for him, at three Half Crowns a Day.—Nothing worth mentioning happen'd till the Time the Fair was proclaim'd, saving his procuring a good and cheap Lodging for us both.

I did not go near the Fair, till (in their own Phrase) they were just ready to shew away; having before hand fix'd my Dress—Mine being an imaginary Monarchy, I found it was equal to our Manager, whether I dress'd him as King of Brentford, or Emperor of Morocco—but I chose to be a Grand Signior, as I thought that Habit wou'd sooner be got on and off, and be a good Disguise.

It may be necessary (for those who have never had the Pleasure of seeing this much esteem'd Hurly-

Burly) I should give some little Description of it. To figure it to yourself then, suppose the Rattling of Salt-Boxes, the Scraping of Fiddles, the Beating of Drums, the Clangour of Trumpets and Horns, the Thundering of small Cannon, the Croaking of Merry-Andrews, the Squeaking of Puppets, the Huzzing of Boys, the Hollaing of Men, and the Roaring of Wild Beasts, all join'd in one continued Discord. Then, to catch the Eye, imagine you see Ranges of mock Heroes and Heroines, Wire-Walkers, Rope-Dancers, Tumblers, Posture-Masters, Prize-Fighters, Painted-Cloths, Merry-go-rounds, and Ups-and-downs—With a Mixture of Quality, Beaux, Belles, Gamesters, Pickpockets, Jugglers, Barbers, Butchers, Soldiers, Sailors, Chimney-Sweepers, and Whores, mingled together in one promiscuous Throng. Add to these the ravishing Cries of Gin and Ginger-bread; indulge your Nostrils with the fragrant Smell of fry'd Sausages, and you may taste the Delights of a Fair, without the Trouble of going thither. This ever valued Dish of Variety, Improvement and Pleasure, continues three Days, sometimes four, from Mid-Day, to the Noon of Night, with this only Difference, when Night begins to spread its sable Mantle, Hundreds of lighted Links are offered up as Sacrifices to Diana.

That Numbers of Men of Fortune, Family, Learning, and natural Abilities, should trifle away their Hours in this ridiculous Spot, is amazing—

'Tis

“ 'Tis true, 'tis pity ; and pity 'tis, 'tis true.”

I am apprehensive Persons of Sense, Judgment, and refined Taste, who may be as well acquainted with the Nature of Fairs as myself, will account me too prolix—A Circumstance I would avoid—therefore shall proceed to carry on my Narration, with due Regard to Brevity.

The Morning after my Exhibition at this ever memorable Place, I was at Breakfast with my new Friend and Acquaintance, upon a Bowl and Butter. As I had received some small Offers of Favour from him, I knew no other Way of expressing my Gratitude, than by furnishing him with a new Droll for his new Puppets. This Task I was employ'd in, when I received a Tap on the Shoulder ; and, turning about, to my great Surprize, saw 'Squire — of Spalding. Every Room of this House being taken up, I walk'd with him to a Coffee-House, where we were at Liberty to discourse. I was under the Necessity of concealing nothing from this Gentleman, whose Regard and Worthiness claim'd my utmost Confidence. He stay'd with me till I was summon'd to re-assume the Reins of Empire, in which Time he made me a Present of a Couple of Guineas, and generously offered the Use of as many more as I might think necessary to further my Theatrical Projects. This Excess of Goodness overwhelm'd me—Having Money to receive for my Performance in a few Days, rendered it needless to
be

be further troublesome. After another Summons, and due Acknowledgements paid, we parted.

CONSEQUENCE was unnecessary in this Part of the World, therefore liv'd as frugally as before. When the Fair was over, I received four Guineas, and went with my new made Friend to his old Lodgings, near Smithfield. Here I bought a few Necessaries, and got Letters of Recommendation from Mr. J. S. to Mr. Garrick. These I enclosed in a few Lines of my own, desiring an Answer by the Prompter, on whom I would call in a Day or two.

In about a Week or so, I had Orders to wait on Mr. George Garrick; who, after a genteel Reception, begg'd Leave to premise, "that the House was very full, and the Season so far advanc'd, that their Parts were all cast, and their Plans of Operation laid to the Conclusion of it. Indeed, upon Enquiry, he had heard me very well spoken of. But if I had more Merit than had been represented to him, it could be of no Service at that Time, yet begg'd to hear me speak." I ran over Part of Othello; and he was pleas'd to say, I spoke very sensibly and well; assuring me, he would acquaint his Brother David of my Abilities, and wish'd I would trouble myself so far as to call again in a few Days. Part of this vacant Time I spent at the old House of Call, where I was introduced to the WIT CLUB. I own the very Name of this Club surpriz'd me; for sure 'tis odd a Set of Men should meet at a particular Place, at a certain Hour, with a full Resolution of being witty.

I always

I always look'd on Wit in another Light, as a kind of involuntary Flash, which could neither be confined to Time or Place; and, to speak Truth, these Gentlemen did not alter my Opinion.

I several times ran over different Scenes with Mr. Garrick, who at last dismiss'd me with an Assurance of being engag'd, if I would be in Town the Beginning of next Season, and left me to comfort myself with the following Compliment, "We would not affront you, Sir, with a small Salary, and can't imagine you would be satisfy'd to receive a large one for nothing, every Thing being so situated, that you could not possibly play above twice this Year."

The following Day, I fell into Company with two Country Managers, and as many of their new rais'd Recruits as fill'd one Box. I happen'd to be stuck up in a Corner, with a Curtain drawn behind me, so that I could neither see, nor be seen, but by those in Company with me. Soon after, several Gentlemen of both Theatres came in, and sat in the adjoining Box to ours. Amongst other Subjects, my Name was brought up, and I had the Pleasure of hearing myself tolerably well spoken of. One said, Garrick would have had me, if I had applied the Beginning of the Season: Another thought it a Pity I should be lost in the Country; and told 'em, he would recommend me to Rich. In a few Days, this very Gentleman called me aside, and said, Mr. Rich would be glad to see me any Morning I was at Leisure—

sure—I soon waited on him—After some little Chat,
 I ask'd, if he chose to hear me speak?—He replied,
 he would not trouble me; he could take the Gen-
 tleman's Word who had introduc'd me, and de-
 manded what Character I chose to appear in. Aboan,
 if you please, Sir, said I—We're very busy, Sir,
 cries he, about *The Coronation*, at present; I have
 gone to a prodigious Expence for it, and can't be
 easy till I see how it will be received—When that is
 once on Foot, you shall play Aboan, or any other
 Character you think proper, and may depend on a
 Salary equal to your Desert. Th's lifted me almost
 to the Height of my Wishes. When this grand
 Procession was near ready, the Saturday Fortnight
 was fix'd for my Appearance; but shortly after, my
 gilded Hopes vanished; Rich died, and all my fair
 Machine went souse into the Sea, like the Edifice.
 During the Space of a Month, I dangled about,
 sometimes with Money, sometimes without, before
 I could certainly learn who was to succeed him as
 Manager. I was strongly recommended once more,
 but received much such an Answer as I had from
 Mr. Garrick. My Condition was bad again; but
 Supplies now and then from my worthy Friends at
 Spalding, so established my Credit at my Lodgings,
 that I was not expos'd to the Extremities I had felt
 before—Yet suffer'd enough, especially as my Fa-
 mily in the Country partook of my Misfortunes.
 Scarce knowing which way to fly in Town, and un-
 able to get into the *oblivion* of the dangers that
 rankled in my Heart. *in the Midst of*